

TIS HEAVEN ITSELF THAT POINTS TO THE HEREAFTER

Appison

SOCRATES taught that this life could not end all.



PLATO meditating on Immortality before Socrates, the BUTTERFLY, SKULL, and POPPY about 400 B.C.

FROM DAWN TILL SUNSET.

Use is Life, and he most truly lives who uses best.

THE BLACKSMITH'S ARM AND THE STATESMAN'S BRAIN.

The most truly Living Body is the Most active in decay; the more bodily and mental vigour are displayed, the more quickly do the various tissues melt down into substances which are without delay removed by the excreting organs. The more the Blackmith Works his Arms and the Stotesman his Brain, the heavier bulk of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen is thrown out by the lungs, liver, skin, and kidneys. Do they then wear them out by this constant friction and drain? No, no—the more the bricks are removed from the old wall, the more new bricks will a good builder put in; and so, provided that the supply is sufficient—that the builder is a good one—the more rapid the drain, the newer and stronger and better the body will become.

The Renewal of Life.

The Want of Nutriment is the Cause of Disease.

MILK THE ONLY PERFECT HUMAN BUILDER.

As Milk is the only perfect food, the above facts prove the importance of Milk when sipped hot, when you have drawn an overdraft on the bank of life. HOT MILK is the only True Food for the prevention of disease, Influenza. Sleeplessness, &c. &c. (premature death); in any form of Physical or Mental Strain use Hot Milk and ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' as occasion may require, to cause a Natural flow of Healthy Bile (a New Life). By the use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' the Hot Milk will agree, which otherwise might produce billiounces, &c.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is the best and simplest preparation for regulating the action of the liver that has yet been discovered. It prevents diarrhæa.—It removes effete gouty, rheumatic matter, or any form of poison from the blood. No one should go for a change of air without a supply of this invaluable preparation.

PROM THE LATE REV. J. W. NEIL.—'Holy Trinity Church, North Shields, Noz. 1, 1873.—

Dear Sir,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of your "Fruit Salt," I can have no hesitation in giving you the particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and to such an extent did the sluggish action of the liver and its concomiant billous headache affect him that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This uncomfortable and involuntary asceticism, whilst it probably alleviated his sufferings, din orbing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also, to my knowledge, consulting very eminent members of the faculty, frequently even going to town for that purpose. By the use of your aimple "FRUIT SALT," however, he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted; he has never had a headache or constipation since he commenced to use it, about 'six months ago, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford, as you may imagine, great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others known to me to whom your remedy has been so beneficial in various kinds of complaints, that I think you may very well extend its use, both for your own interest and pro bono public. I find myself that it makes a very refreshing and exhilarating drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, J. W. Neil.—To J. C. Eno, Esq.'

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' contains the valuable saline constituents of ripe fruit, and is absolutely essential to the healthy action of the animal economy. To travellers, emigrants, sallors, or residents in tropical climates it is invaluable. By its use the blood is kept pure, and fevers and epidemics prevented.

IT OUGHT TO BE KEPT IN EVERY BEDROOM IN READINESS FOR ANY EMERGENCY.

ONLY TRUTH CAN GIVE TRUE REPUTATION. ONLY REALITY CAN BE

OF REAL PROFIT.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS .- Sterling Honesty of Purpose. Without it Life is a Sham.

CAUTION,—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capoule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

Prepared only at ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

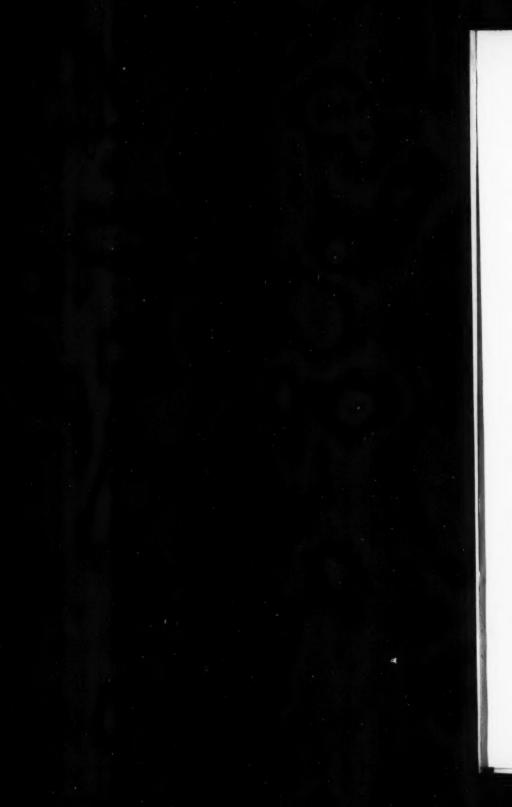
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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1894.

The Matchmaker.

Human life is nought but error. -SCHILLER.

By L. B. WALFORD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

" YOU WANT TO POACH UPON MY PRESERVE."

ON the Wednesday referred to by her cousin she had passed a pleasant hour at the factor's house. It was always pleasant there, peacefully, harmoniously pleasant; she would be allowed to do what she liked, and go where she chose; she would not be corrected, nor reminded, nor coughed at (she had grown to wince and tap her foot at Lady Carnoustie's little preliminary cough!); she would be permitted to run all over the house, rummage the good ladies' drawers, inspect their treasures, try on their caps.

And she was such a child, she liked to do all this. One day she dressed herself up completely in the black-flowered satin sacque of the defunct Mrs. Soutter, shrieking with delight over its balloon sleeves and short waist, and adding every ornament supplied by the good-natured sisters, till, mittens and all, she stood arrayed in the garb of fifty years before.

On another occasion she, tied up in a huge apron, and with sleeves rolled back to the elbow, baked oatcakes in the kitchen. The little handmaidens of the establishment thought they had never before had such a 'ploy,' or such a bonny and affable young lady come into the house.

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Before they could look round she had caught up both their names and was using them. The castle ladies, it is true, also called them by their names, but with stiff, gracious, condescending intonation, such as made Katie and Flory inclined to drop a curtsey every time they were addressed.

When Miss Penelope ordered them about, they giggled with pleasure. They ran for her; they rushed to tell each other when she was coming; they never had anything to do in the house if she wanted one of them to take her in the boat, or to help her to

find shells upon the shore.

Penelope never desired her own maid to walk with her, nor asked for an attendant from the castle. She did not want one from there; she knew nothing about the subordinate members of Lord Carnoustie's household, and Marie was just her French maid, who did her hair and made her dresses, and was about as good company as a pet lapdog. She was quite friendly with Marie, as she would have been friendly with any human being who did not maltreat her,—but there it ended.

The Highland lasses at the factor's cottage were different. She could talk with them, ask them questions, listen to their wild legends and countryside traditions, and feel as if she had been reading a fairy tale. It greatly pleased the two kindly mistresses that their little Katie and Flory should be so honoured.

To return, however, to the Wednesday in question.

Redwood had gone to call at Glenmore, having received a hint to do so from Lord Carnoustie. Lord Carnoustie was always anxiously particular that people should call on the Soutter family, and, fearful of such an attention being neglected, had a little formula in readiness for every new-comer.

'There is another fine specimen of an otter killed on the island, at Mr. Soutter's—my factor's,' he would say, having carefully introduced otters into the conversation. 'You'll see it when you go to call. Mind you ask Mr. Soutter to let you see it. Or, if he should be out, Miss Soutter will let you see it with pleasure. It is a remarkably fine otter. Tell me if you don't think so when you have seen it.'

The last remark, he considered, ensured the call's being made.

In the case of the new tenant of Inverashet it was certainly as well it had been appended, since Redwood had not had the slightest intention of calling either on the Misses Soutter or on anyone else. He had supposed anyone visitable in the place would call on him, as Lord Carnoustie had done, and rather hoped there was nobody within such range as to make the civility feasible. He had not taken into account Lord Carnoustie's factor, if the truth must be owned; and when presented to the burly bachelor, and the plain and homely maiden ladies on each side of him, had yielded only a slight and somewhat haughty bow. Out of humour with every kind of society, he had felt a momentary annoyance at being troubled even to bow.

But within a week he had received his hint, and had seen it would not do to neglect it. Lord Carnoustie was evidently in earnest. Lord Carnoustie was cordial and obliging towards him, and Lord Carnoustie was the only personage on the place. Lord Carnoustie must be obeyed.

He would get all the credit he could for the obedience, however; and to that end he had informed the young ladies of the family of his intentions. They had warmly approved, as had dear mamma when she heard the news, while Carnoustie was on tenterhooks to know how the visit would pass off.

But, as it chanced, no one had mentioned the subject before Penelope, and she was therefore entirely unconscious of any hidden meaning in the solemn observation, which amounted almost to an interdict, passed by Lady Carnoustie on anyone's going near Glenmore on the afternoon in question.

Lady Carnoustie had Mina in her mind—her darling, thought-less Mina—who might from sheer heedlessness turn in to see their good friends, the Soutters, and find Redwood there—a terrible contingency to be provided against. She went so far as to desire Mina's company in the open carriage, which she had ordered round at three o'clock, the day being bright and tempting for a long drive.

Mina had offered no objection; indeed, she had none to make, for she had been perfectly indifferent on the subject, but Penelope had declined the other seat.

'Thank you, auntie, but I don't like driving,' she had replied, in her usual straightforward fashion, which did not give even Lady Carnoustie the offence it might have done, owing to its accompaniments of a blithe voice and winsome smile. 'I will have a prowl on the shore,' she had added, in all good faith.

Lady Carnoustie had graciously approved of the prowl on the shore, and driven off, waving her parasol to Penelope on the doorsteps.

Penelope, like a child, dropping from step to step and jumping

up again, had suddenly bethought herself of something.

'No, I won't go to the shore,' she said, 'it's too hot. The sun will be simply baking on the shore. I'll go to the Soutters', and see if I can get Flory to teach me how to make "dropped scones." Good old Jean said I might come any day, so why not to-day?' And without even going into the house again, she had run off just as she was to Glenmore. Glenmore was so very near at hand that she had not even put on gloves.

'There, that's Penelope,' said Miss Soutter to her sister with a smile, as, seated in their little drawing-room doing the honours to the English stranger, and miserably at a loss for any means of making these interesting, she caught the sound of steps on the gravel outside. 'I thought that child would come to-day, somehow,' rising to go out. 'You'll excuse me, Mr. Redwood. I'll go and let her in myself. I'll not call the girls just for Penelope,' slipping away.

Nor did she even shut the door behind her. Redwood, sitting by the open window that faced the sea, and endeavouring to spin out a decent length of time in weary conversation, was thus a spectator of the kiss which passed, and also caught distinctly the murmur of his own name, before his hostess drew her new visitor

through the doorway.

'Kissing!' thought he. 'Oh, if they are on kissing terms, it is just as well I came, indeed. By Jove! I might have given great offence if I had not taken the hint. Well, but now I may go, I suppose,' and he rose to make one business of 'How d'ye do?' and 'Good-bye.'

'Oh, don't go just because I came!' cried Penelope, beholding the blank faces of the two old ladies. 'Do stop and talk here! I am going to the kitchen. Miss Jean, you said I might make "dropped scones"—may I? Is it a good day? Is Flory busy?

Do say she isn't busy,' coaxing.

'Well, now, Penelope!' (she had made them call her 'Penelope,' representing that it was not the liberty they deprecated, since she was quite a different age from her cousins, even Mina being years older—'You just call me Penelope,' she had settled the matter). 'Well, now, you see, we have visitors,' and Miss Jean turned her broad, kindly face towards Redwood, and patted the girl's hand to emphasise the difficulty.

Redwood's mouth opened to say he was going, but somehow

he did not say it.

'I see,' Penelope assented, 'but the visitor will sit here—he'll be quite content,' nodding at him, 'while I go into the kitchen and make the scones. You will, won't you?' letting the old lady go and stepping up to Redwood. 'We need not interfere with each other. We need not come near each other. I don't want to sit in here—I don't, indeed. I did not come for that. Miss Jean knows I did not. Tell him so, Miss Jean.'

Anyone could have told how the matter would end.

Penelope—beseeching, expostulating, wiling, so pretty and so unmindful of it; for the time being a very child, and not even a vain child—was irresistible, and there was really nothing for it but to let her have her way.

Of course, anyone else present would have said our London young lady was executing with remarkable skill a fine piece of coquetry. She was doing nothing of the kind, and she was not even in a coquettish mood. She wanted Redwood to stay, and asked him frankly to do so because she cared about his doing so only from one point of view. He would keep the old ladies engaged, and leave her at liberty to make havoc in the kitchen.

That Penelope dearly loved to do. It was the only hindrance to her supreme satisfaction in baking and rolling that sometimes Miss Jean and Miss Marianne would keep passing round, suggesting and directing, instead of simply giving her what she wanted and letting her manage for herself, as it is the delight of youth and inexperience to do.

Miss Jean would try to preside over her scones—that annoyed Penelope. She could not say anything, because the good lady was so kind and so deeply interested; but she did wish that something would occasionally call off her hostess's attention, and let her have the girdle quite to herself.

Here was the requisite 'something' ready to her hand in the shape of Mr. Charles Redwood. He must not be permitted to escape. And this was the real, true, unvarnished fact as regarded Penelope's warmth of invitation towards the Misses Soutter's visitor.

They mistook it, but he did not.

He stayed, and was better pleased to stay than if a hundred feminine wiles had been practised upon him with a view to touching his heart. He was quite at ease with Penelope now.

When she had finished her baking, she found him in the little garden outside, tying up Miss Soutter's roses; and, on her appear-

ance, he offered to see her home, as if it were the most natural

thing in the world.

To Penelope it was so. She thought nothing of it. She only thought that Redwood was no longer rude and unfriendly—nay, that he was more cheerful, kind, responsive than she had ever before beheld him; in consequence, easier to get on with. They found plenty of topics to dwell upon, succeeding in finding several subjects of mutual interest, and stood for some time talking at the castle gates ere they parted.

Then Penelope ran up beneath the arching pines, singing softly to herself; and Redwood pursued his way with spirits insensibly cheered and brightened. She was a nice girl after all, and he had made it up with her. That was what he thought.

From a long way off Mina Carnoustie had seen the two figures emerge from the factor's house. They had been prominent from time to time, and she was long-sighted. She had said nothing, having got into a habit of saying nothing; but she had wondered within herself who could be issuing forth from Glenmore porch at that hour, and why they moved towards the promontory which overhung the bay, and stood still there.

It was not like the worthy Misses Soutter to be attracted by

the beauties of Nature.

As the distance lessened, she had perceived the pair to be Redwood and Penelope, and had been faintly amused, while still keeping such amusement a close secret. There was, she thought, no need to draw her mother's attention to a coalition which might be productive of unpleasantness; and as the carriage had turned up the avenue, whilst yet the walkers were a hundred yards off, behind a bend in the bay, they had entirely escaped Lady Carnoustie's eye. The carriage had disappeared when they reached the lodge gates.

For several hours Mina had kept to herself the fact that she had spied the sly Penelope and her companion, but at length the promptings of her breast induced the passage at arms above narrated. She had longed to catch Penelope tripping, and had desired nothing more than that such tripping should have been accomplished in company with her own supposed admirer.

Penelope had turned the tables in a way she herself little suspected.

Mina was growing to be more and more of a puzzle; more and more of a curious, unsatisfactory, disappointing companion.

There were no more walks and talks now. By tacit consent

the two girls would separate as soon as they were out of sight of the other members of the family, and on the slightest pretext, or even without one, Mina would say, 'Which way are you going? You generally like the shore, don't you?' and betake herself forthwith in an opposite direction.

Once or twice Penelope said she would go on the rocky moorland for a change. It struck her that her cousin did not like this; and, on one occasion, Mina even went so far as to retort, 'Why should you not keep to your own choice? You chose the shore; you said you preferred it, and now you want to peach upon my preserve!'

Penelope turned humbly away. It hurt her to perceive that her very presence was esteemed 'poaching,' for she had intended to accompany her cousin, not to oust her from her own dominions.

'Nobody seems to want me,' she murmured sorrowfully to herself. 'Even papa writes that he is getting along famously, and has no doubt I am doing the same. He never says a word about missing me, and I can't worry him with my troublesome little life. I said I would come here, so here I am bound to remain. I must abide by my own decision, or I should be "poaching" on someone else's "preserve," I suppose, with a faint smile. 'What an odd remark that was of Mina's! And how strangely she looked at me as she made it. If it had been anyone else, I should have said her face was white with passion, but passion is not in Mina's nature. She does not know what it is to be warmed up to a good honest rage; only every now and then she says a nasty thing with white lips. But why should she have said a nasty thing to-day, I wonder? I did nothing to call it forth: I had not teased her, nor plagued her; in fact, we had been rather jovial-for us-this afternoon, and that was why I made so bold as to think my company might be acceptable. It was unkind of her to snub me for it,' her heart swelling at the recollection, 'and to be so rough—so bitter. Well!' with a little sigh, 'well, I must go off to that old shore, I suppose. It is a good time for the shore, certainly. The tide is coming in, and I love to hear it lapping against the rocks. Perhaps I may get some sea-weed for my collection,' and she sauntered away."

Within an hour she came back, not liking the look of the sky, and found Lady Carnoustie rather fretting about Mina's absence. There was thunder in the air, she said. She was sure a storm was brewing, and Mina would be caught in it out on the open moor.

She was surprised to learn Penelope had not been with Mina; she had understood that when not driving with her, or visiting the cottages with the elder sisters, these two were always together. Penelope looked at the speaker in surprise. She had not walked with Mina for a fortnight.

She had sounded Mina on the point, and Mina had asseverated that solitary rambles were quite de rigueur in a place like theirs, where they were known to everybody, and where no danger was to be feared, either from man or beast. 'Papa won't have any of those great Highland bulls loose,' she had concluded. 'He was once run after, and he makes every farmer on the estate shut up his bulls now.'

'But Ailsie does not altogether like your wandering about on the moor alone.'

'Ailsie is a dear old goose. She thinks I am no more fit to take care of myself than when I was being carried in her arms. But, of course, it makes me say as little about it as possible,' added Mina, with the swift, furtive glance her cousin had learned to connect with this subject. 'I have told her once for all that I am safe—perfectly safe—and she must be content with that. I have no fears, no scares, when I am—alone—on the moor.'

A light shone in her eye; in her tone there was a subdued ring of exultation.

'How do you know you are so very safe?' demanded Penelope,

with a confused suspicion of something amiss.

'Have I not told you? There is someone there who watches over me—who haunts those wild moors, and traverses those solitudes from end to end. I am never out of his sight——'

'Oh, Torquil, the shepherd!'

'Yes, Torquil, the shepherd!' The light derision of Penelope's accents was caught up and echoed with mocking significance. Torquil Macalister, the poor Highland farmer's son. He's nobody, you know—not worth considering. We never take anyone into consideration unless he has his eight quarterings—his gallery of ancestors—his escutcheons——.

'What on earth are you talking about?' cried Penelope, staring. 'Are you——' She would have said 'mad,' but the word died on her lips.

Mina snapped her fingers scornfully. 'You needn't be afraid, she retorted. 'I never talk like that before people. Come, do I now? You can see for yourself I don't. But it's true, all the

same—true, whoever says it. We Carnousties are fools—fools——.' Her voice fell; her head sank upon her breast.

Penelope stole away. She had grown to be almost afraid of her cousin by this time.

CHAPTER XIX.

MINA'S LOSS UPON THE MOOR.

But when Mina's mother wanted to know where Mina was, and seemed uneasy and disturbed about her, the sunny kindliness of spirit which always inclined Penelope to put herself forward when anyone was in trouble, prompted her to offer at once to go and seek her cousin.

'I know where she is sure to be found, auntie,' she averred, brightly. 'Don't you be afraid. I'll fetch her down. She has only gone up the burnside to her favourite nook below the first fall; such a lovely spot, all overhung with birches and rowan trees!—we often go there together; at least,' hastily, 'we used to go, but lately I have been oftener on the shore. Take my word for it, Mina is there, and I'll rout her out and bring her in.'

It seemed inhuman to send her, but Mina's mother was really getting alarmed, and Penelope caught a glance towards the window.

'I'll go. I'm not afraid,' she cried, catching up the straw hat

she had thrown aside, and flying out at the door.

'She is really very obliging,' murmured Lady Carnoustie from the sofa. 'I hope it was not unkind to let her go, but if a storm should come on——'

The door opened and the Misses Soutter were announced.

'Oh, Miss Soutter,' cried her ladyship with relief, as though the very sight of the worthy spinsters allayed apprehensions, 'pray come in! I am so happy to see you! You are not afraid of a thunderstorm, then? Mina is still out, and I am rather uneasy about her; so Penelope has kindly gone to bring her in. You did not meet Mina by any chance, did you?'

They had not: they had simply walked between the two houses, and met no one.

'The dear child is so fond of her country freedom,' pursued Lady Carnoustie, with a fond smile, 'and one must not put old heads on young shoulders, must one, Miss Soutter? Miss Marianne,

will you not take a more comfortable chair? Walking in such sultry weather is very fatiguing. Joanna, my dear, bring a footstool.'

The good sisters always said they never could understand anyone's calling Lady Carnoustie proud. They could only say they had never seen her proud. She never showed the very smallest atom of pride towards them; and to be sure, when she could be so kind and condescending to two such humble bodies, it was a shame to suppose she would be less so to their betters.

They had not, you perceive, studied the science of arrogance.

They now accepted with joyful alacrity and gratitude every token of her ladyship's good-will. Miss Soutter inserted herself—ashamed of the amount of room she took up—in the seat of honour at the other end of the sofa; Miss Marianne, with profuse apologies, permitted Joanna to place a chair for her on the opposite side of the rug. Both were thus well within Lady Carnoustie's range.

That settled, Lady Carnoustie eyed her satellites benevolently. 'You good souls,' the eye said, 'you have come here to bask for a little in the sunshine of my presence. It is a natural and laudable desire, and shall be gratified. I am pleased with you, Misses Soutter. You are two estimable, inoffensive, harmless creatures. Your brother is a very worthy servant, and you are all our faithful retainers. Be happy, then; be at ease—in moderation; and be rejoiced to feel that so long as you know your place, and do your duty in the humble position in which Providence has placed you, we, your superiors, will continue to afford you our countenance, and permit you to enjoy—at proper intervals—our society.'

As this was entirely in accordance with their own feelings—as indeed it precisely met the case, to their view—the cheerful couple were soon contentedly prattling away, and the odds and ends of countryside news, which they had loyally collected to lay before the feet of their liege lady, were brought forth one by one.

'You will have heard that Mr. Macintyre's eldest son—the wild one they have always been something anxious about—is back upon their hands, Lady Carnoustie? A terrible thing, is it not? Most unfortunate those poor Macintyres always are! You will remember the son—the big, red-headed one? Hector. He used to work at the ferry. I believe he once helped Finlayson in the garden for a few weeks.'

Lady Carnoustie remembered Hector perfectly. She remembered that he had not been satisfactory in the garden; that

Finlayson had complained of him, and she was sorry to hear he had not done better elsewhere.

'Indeed, it is a sad pity for the poor Macintyres. Such respectable people, as your ladyship knows,' proceeded Miss Jean, who had opened the ball. 'I fancy they are a little weak and foolish perhaps about their children, if one may say so. One should not be hard on them, poor people, but still we do think, and so does John—for I have heard him say so many and many a time—that neither father nor mother had the young ones in enough of a grip, so to say. It does not do to make overmuch of young people,' and Miss Jean shook her head wisely.

'No, indeed; it is the great mistake of the age.' (Well did they all know how Lady Carnoustie would rise to the bait.) 'Indeed, what you say is only too true, Miss Soutter,' tone and voice intimating, 'although it is only you who say it.'

"I knew how you would feel, Lady Carnoustie: I said to Marianne directly we heard Hector was back—for John brought word when he came home from his rounds last night; he had passed the Macintyres, and saw Hector himself, so we knew it must be true—I said, Lady Carnoustie will not be surprised to hear it; for you had always told us it was such a mistake to let the young people get ahead, and I am sure, with your experience'—looking round admiringly at the elderly young ladies, and feeling that no further words were necessary to point a moral.

'I am afraid Mrs. Macintyre must be a very foolish woman,' said Lady Carnoustie, with approving severity. 'She brings her troubles on herself; and though, of course, I am sorry for her, and she and her husband are among our most respectable tenants, I cannot help remarking that I have always feared the children would not turn out well.'

The subject was then discussed in all its bearings.

But Miss Marianne has presently another to introduce, and one more agreeable to the kind hearts of the sisters, if not quite so edifying in the opinion of their patroness.

'There's a talk of a wedding at the Point, Lady Carnoustie. Maggie Maconochie—little Maggie who was with us before Katie came—is to be married to the new schoolmaster. Quite a match for Maggie! She's but a slip of a girl; she was hardly strong enough for our work—that was how we had to part with her, and sorry we were to do it, for she was a pretty, good-tempered, willing little lass. Only she really had not strength to work; so it's a good thing she is to be settled early. And the school-

master's house is really an excellent one, and he has seventy

pounds a year. Maggie will be quite set up.'

'Dear me! How very nice! I am so glad.' It was Miss Joanna who thoughtlessly interfered. Had she waited another minute Lady Carnoustie might herself have said, 'How very nice!' But it was not Joanna's place to put her opinion before her mother's.

'May I ask on what grounds you pronounce so decidedly, Joanna?' Joanna started; the maternal accents were threatening. 'Because of the good house, or the seventy pounds a year? Miss Marianne has informed us of nothing beyond these items to make you so very certain of the marriage being a desirable one. I must say I think your congratulations are a shade premature.'

'Oh, but, indeed, Lady Carnoustie'—the worthy Marianne half left her chair, and stuttered with eagerness—'I do assure you Miss Joanna is right. It is really an excellent marriage. Mr. Davidson—that's his name—is a most worthy young man, and his abilities are really—really quite—quite out of the common. He had over a dozen testimonials—all of the highest quality. Oh, I am told he is most superior! And Maggie says he has been an extremely good son to his old parents, and he writes shorthand. When Jean and I heard of it, we just held up our hands and said, "To think of little Maggie!"

'To be a good son is certainly a recommendation, and I have no reason for supposing the young man is not likely to get on.' Lady Carnoustie was mollified. 'I merely wished to point out to my daughters how easy it is to be misled on such occasions, and how careful one ought to be to have solid grounds for appro-

bation, before bestowing it so freely.'

'Oh, certainly, certainly, Lady Carnoustie! But I do assure

you, Maggie really is most fortunate. John thinks so too.'

'If you and your good brother are satisfied, I need no further testimony.' Lady Carnoustie waved her hand as putting aside every other consideration. 'You are thoroughly cognisant of the circumstances of the case, and are able to form an impartial judgment; but for Joanna to be bursting out with, "How very nice!" before she had even heard the man's name——'!

It was well that Penelope was not present. Penelope would to a certainty have committed herself here, or soon after, for what with the atmospheric influences, to which Lady Carnoustie was sensitive, and the little uneasiness about Mina, and one or two other minor irritations too trivial for mention, there was no knowing what she would say next, nor how she would take

anything said by another.

The first feeling of satisfaction in seeing her visitors had evanesced, and though she was still glad to have them there, and would not permit them to depart, by the end of half an hour even they had had about as much as they could stand of it.

Still the storm did not come on, nor the absentees come in.

Let us see what detained them.

When Penelope first flew swiftly out, she made sure of finding Mina at once—indeed, thought it quite likely that before she could reach the garden door, or, at any rate, run down the slope beyond, she would catch sight of light drapery among the shrubs, and would only need to hasten her cousin's footsteps by proclaiming her mission, in order to enable them both to get safely back to the house within a few minutes.

Mina was usually punctual to return home before she was missed, and had never before now needed to be sent after. Penelope had an idea that she was careful to give no offence by want of attention on this point, and that the sight of a messenger sent expressly to fetch her home would not be a welcome one.

'But what could I do?' she meditated. 'The poor woman was growing black in the face; and it does look remarkably like being a bad storm. How inky and ragged those clouds are! I only hope it will keep off till I have chevied home this wandering sheep. Where can she be?'

Not in the wood, that was certain.

A long zigzag path lay in front, and no one was stepping down from the moor that way. Penelope looked rather ruefully upwards. She was not only a little reluctant to attack the ascent, which was steep and stony, but was unpleasantly conscious of the fact that it was thickly overhung by trees, and that she had been warned that a wood was not a safe place in a thunderstorm.

Suppose the storm broke? It might break at any moment. Yet she was going further and further away from home, and

would have to return every step she now took!

And suppose Mina were not on the moor at all? She had said she was going there, it was true, and had been cross and rude when fearful of being thwarted in her intended expedition, but that was not to say she would carry it out after all.

'She does tell such strange lies,' muttered Penelope, as she plodded on, 'as if for the sheer pleasure of telling them! At least, I have never found out any other reason. She has more

than once announced she was going somewhere, and I have seen her with my own eyes flying as fast as she could in another direction! Then, she has often such extraordinary reasons for doing things. And as for her explanations-oh, my good aunt, she does sail uncommonly near the wind in some of her explanations, I assure you! It is not my business to correct her-not my "place," as you would say yourself. (You are great at teaching us all our "place," from Carnoustie downwards,) But if you only knew! Yes, after a few minutes, 'yes, I would give something to see your face if you knew all. Failing that, I would give something to see Mina's now. It is rather too bad that I should have to come all this way toiling and straining after her. There she is, miles away! Oh, this is too bad!' as her eye caught a glimpse of a light figure in motion on a little knoll on the skyline to the left. 'Mooning about up there like an idiot! Oh, come down, you tiresome thing!' apostrophising the distant object. Come down, can't you? Anyone but you would see there is going to be a thunderstorm; and you don't want to get wet through to the skin, I suppose, even if you don't care about getting killed? You are too cracked to take that contingency into consideration, I dare say. Well now,' standing still to consider, 'what does it behove me to do? I am not going to scour the moor, yelling and screeching, after this lunatic. If I had brought a dog whistle! Another time I will; there is one hanging up in the gun-room. But now-what is to be done now? I may shout till I'm hoarse-she will never hear me; and as for her seeing-what in the world is she doing?' in new consternation. 'She is walking up and down-round and round! There she goes back to where she was! Oh, for a pair of opera-glasses! Why did I leave my opera-glasses at home? I should soon have seen-but no, that would have been spying, not seeing. Penelope East, what are you thinking of? Playing the spy, you mean girl! You would reduce yourself to the level of Mina Carnoustie, would you? Bah! For shame! Well, but,' again eyeing the heights in search of an inspiration, 'now, what am I to do? There she goes! Back again! Crazy creature! Well, I'll try a shout,' suiting the action to the words.

To her surprise, it was instantly productive of result, though not in the manner anticipated. A rustling was heard in the wood behind, and the next minute a man sprang over the low wall, about fifty yards off, who, touching his cap respectfully,

inquired if he could be of service?

'Indeed you can,' replied Penelope, gratefully recognising Macalister, the shepherd. 'I am trying all I can to make one of the young ladies hear, but she is such a long way off,' pointing to the knoll. 'There! You can see her now on the sky-line. She is walking backwards and forwards; and there is a storm coming up——'

'Aye, there is. Miss Mina should come in before the storm

is upon us.'

'Can you see which it is?' inquired Penelope, with astonishment. She had mentioned no name. But Torquil Macalister smiled.

'I can see a bit further than that,' he said. 'Will I whistle, or send the dogs?' indicating the collies panting at his heels.

'Oh, whistle! She might be afraid of the dogs.'

Penelope was shrinking back a little herself.
'Her afraid!' Torquil smiled again. 'Miss Mina knows my dogs, and they her; they would almost as soon obey her as me.

Will I whistle then, if you please?' and he stood cap in hand, with the air of awaiting a command.

'Pray do, if you think she can hear.'

The next moment a wild, sweet note rang over the moor, and repeated itself with variations.

'Surely I have heard that cry before!' exclaimed the young lady, struck by a recollection. 'I thought it was some bird. I used to think what a musical cry that bird had. Do you whistle to your dogs, Torquil?'

'Sometimes I do, ma'am; but not that way. They have their own whistle. I keep this for others. See,' pointing upwards, 'she hears. She is coming. Shall I make her come faster?'

'As fast as you can. Yes, I see now that she has left the knoll. I suppose she guesses she is wanted at home. Perhaps you have had to recall her before now?' suggestively.

'I can call Miss Mina from any part of the moor. See now,' he sent forth another clear, pure, wandering note, with a different termination. 'See,' he said, pointing.

Mina was running.

'That meant "Come faster," explained the shepherd, turning to his companion. 'Miss Mina knows she can trust me not to warn her like that unless there is danger, either from weather or cattle. We had wild cattle on the moor at one time, and they was not vera safe,' his accent becoming slightly more accentuated as he grew conversational. 'Some of them was young bullocks—

vera fine bullocks—but young. They would be a bit frightened themselves when they would see strangers, so that made them wild and a little fierce, and it was not nice for ladies. But one day his lordship was the one that was chased, and since then we have had no cattle on the moor. Miss Mina was vera glad, and I was not sorry myself. The dogs was always in trouble with those wild cattle.'

'I suppose it is a perfectly safe place now?'

'It is perfectly safe for those that know it. There are bogs,

precipices, and the mists come down-

'Oh, say no more! I have been in a bog, and I have no desire to fall over a precipice. As for the mists, Torquil, could you not go and help Miss Mina—she was nearly down then—and tell her not to be alarmed, it is only I who am waiting; and the storm looks no nearer than it did; it may keep off altogether now. Miss Mina need not run.'

He had saluted her and was off.

Penelope turned round and found a mossy rock whereon to sit

and watch proceedings.

It was hard to say which of the two now approaching each other cleared the ground with most rapidity. Mina, apparently either impelled by fear or some other powerful motive, was taking advantage of every piece of smooth grass or sheep-run which came directly in her path, to skim along still more swiftly than could be done when broken ground obstructed her progress. The shepherd, striding straight over every obstacle, neither increased nor slackened his pace as occasion offered.

In a very few minutes they met.

Penelope marked a brief halt, and perceived, or fancied she perceived, the extended arm of Torquil Macalister pointing towards herself. She then expected to see him rendering the young lady such assistance as the rough walking made desirable if speed were in the question, but to her surprise, after a brief colloquy, her cousin again started alone to run down hill, while the stalwart Highlander struck off at right angles in the direction of the grassy knoll she had quitted, on which he presently proceeded to pace up and down precisely as Mina had been doing when first sighted.

All at once light broke in upon Penelope.

'How stupid I am! She must have lost something, and was trying to find it when she was patrolling that height, and now she has set Torquil to look. She has got the right mau. He

has eyes like an eagle-clear, yellow eyes, that let nothing escape.

He will find anything there is to find.'

'Ho, Mina!' she cried, as soon as it was likely her voice would be heard, 'what have you lost? I saw you hunting about for something, and I thought you had gone "clean wud," as Tosh said the other day. You did cut a droll figure mooning up and down on that one little bit of ground, until the mystery was solved. I suppose you have told Torquil to hunt now. What is it?'

Mina was panting with her run.

'Nothing,—a—a pencil,' she replied, pulling up her skirts for a last spring, which landed her safe by her cousin's side. 'How could you see what I was doing?' Then turning her eyes towards the spot, 'I am sure I could not have told what anyone was about up there.'

'No more could I, but I put two and two together. I saw you in the teeth of a gathering storm—it is going to pass off, I believe, all the same,' in parenthesis—'I saw you just when the sky was at its blackest placidly trotting up and down and round and round, like a circus pony; and, to confess the truth, at first I could not imagine what was up. But when I saw you despatch the beauty shepherd off to the same place, and perceived that he, too, began to perform the same incomprehensible gyrations, the light flashed on my bewildered brain.'

'Oh, yes, it was a favourite little pencil,' said Mina. 'I have had it a long time. I don't like losing my things; I get fond of them! Torquil says he is sure to find it, but I don't believe he is. I have been over the ground so often. It must

have caught my eye. It would have glittered.'

'Glittered? Was it gold?'

'No, silver. Such a pretty pencil-case! Large and handsome, Penelope.'

The speaker hesitated.

'Well?'

'Please do not say anything about my loss to the rest. They would worry about it. It is bad enough to lose something one values, without being lamented over and scolded.'

'Yes, I know.'

'Of course it was careless. I should not have taken a handsome silver pencil-case out on the moor, but I did.'

'What made you think it was on that particular spot?'

'I missed it there. I fancied I felt it fall off---'

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'A pencil-case fall off?'

- 'Fall out, I mean—out of my pocket.'
- 'You are sure you had it with you?
- 'Perfectly sure.'
- 'In your pocket?'
- 'No, fastening my-yes, to be sure, in my pocket.'
- 'Oh, in your pocket.' (Mentally: 'A large, handsome silver pencil-case, valued by its owner, but the loss not to be publicly adverted to. Yet she has shown me all her treasures, and I have never seen nor heard of this pencil-case before; and it must be an odd kind of pencil-case, too, to "fall off" a person, and to fasten something she wears. Somehow,' said Penelope to herself, as in silence the two pursued the homeward path side by side—'somehow I have a curious—a very curious—fancy that there is no such thing as this silver pencil-case.')

CHAPTER XX.

'WON'T YOU HAVE A NICE BRIGHT SIXPENCE, TOSH?'

It chanced that on the very next day Penelope was to have her suspicions confirmed.

She was out by herself in the grounds, when she beheld coming towards her the half-witted vagrant, with whose harmless presence she was now familiar, and who was always gratified by the interchange of a friendly word.

Tosh had not been up to the castle since his illness, having his own notions of delicacy, which prompted him to consider that, having enjoyed so much of his friend Carnoustie's hospitality, and been nursed and fed for five or six days—an endless time to his ideas—he ought not to reappear too soon. Accordingly he had let some weeks pass before he turned his wandering feet again in the direction of Carnoustie Castle, and no one had seen or heard of him in the meantime.

'Good morning, Tosh,' said Penelope, cheerfully. 'Are you quite well again now, Tosh?'

'I'm a wee thing better, my leddy.' Tosh always 'my leddy'd' every member of the family. 'Just a wee thing,' added he, not willing to allow too much. 'I'm haudin awa up to the castle, to see hoo Mistress Alison's keepin'. She will be ex-

pectin' me, syne she's had nane o' me for sae lang. I'll awa noo,' somewhat hastily endeavouring to brush past.

'What have you got in your hand, Tosh?'

'Me got i' my haun'? Hannt got naetin' i' my haun'. I'm just haudin' awa up to the castle——'

'But what is it, Tosh? I see something shining.'

'What's what?' said Tosh, doggedly. 'Na, ye see naethin',' endeavouring to hide a glitter within his huge palm, and finally putting it behind him. 'Let me gang past. I'm no hinnering ye; ye hae nae ca' to hinner me.'

'Tosh,' said Penelope, decidedly, 'you must let me see what

you are hiding there in your hand.'

'Whilk haun?' demanded Tosh to gain time, and looking from one side to the other for means of escape.

But Penelope's resolution was now fairly roused. 'It may be the thing Mina lost,' conjectured she, by accident hitting the

mark. 'I must get it out of him.'

'Now, Tosh,' in kind yet arbitrary accents, 'it is no use your trying to deceive me, you know. You have found something nice and pretty, which you want to keep to yourself; and so you are holding it behind your back, in order that I may not see it. That is not good of you, Tosh,' shaking her head at him. 'You have no right to keep what you find on Lord Carnoustie's property, because it belongs to Lord Carnoustie—at least,' hastily, 'it probably belongs to him or some of his family; and you ought to find out if it does, and give it back.'

'Na: I winna gie it back.'

'Then, Tosh, you are a thief.'

'Na; I am no a thief,' sullenly.

Penelope paused to consider. Obviously she would gain nothing by attempting to overawe the poor fool, who was in his own way strictly honest, and conscious of being so. She would simply get as good as she gave, if she pursued that tack. It was unfair, and Tosh knew it to be unfair, and was quite equal to being resentful and determined. He would not have stolen so much as a crust of bread belonging to a lawful owner, but it seemed to him that he had come by the pretty thing found lying on the moorland road, in a perfectly honest fashion; that it was nobody's, and in consequence his own. He should not have been termed a thief for keeping what he had picked up on the hillside! His brawny fist closed firmly round the treasure, and he looked at his interlocutor with the expression of a dumb animal brought to bay.

'I am bound to get it out of him, however,' said Penelope to herself.

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Then she tried again.

'You know, Tosh, how very kind Lord and Lady Carnoustie and the young ladies are to you. How Mrs. Alison feeds you with good broth and nice things, when you are ill! How she lets you come into her own sitting-room—her own sitting-room where very few people are let in—and get warm by the fire on cold days——'

'Aye, but it's no cauld the day.' Tosh felt he could dispense with the fire in broiling July at noontide, and he had never room

in his mind for more than one idea at a time.

'You'll be hungry by-and-by, Tosh.'

'Aye, maybe.' Even on that subject Tosh was cool. He had had a 'piece' not long before.

'Don't you think it is very unkind of you to try to keep back

anything from your good friend Lord Carnoustie?'

'Carnoustie's weel eneugh—weel eneugh,' impatiently. He was not going to give up his pretty thing, and he did not see what Carnoustie had to do with it.

'I think you are very ungrateful, Tosh.'

'Ungratefu'? Me, ungratefu', what to? Is't you?' Tosh had hit upon a bright idea. 'What for am I ungratefu' to you? I ken naethin' aboot you. You're no ain o' oorsels. You're a strynger. We want nae stryngers i' these pairts,' washing his hands of her unchivalrously, and again making a movement to hurry past.

Thus frustrated, Penelope was almost giving up the game, but, like other wise people in this mercenary world, she bethought

her of one final effort, not usually unsuccessful.

'Look here, Tosh! You are fond of a sixpence, Tosh?' Tosh's eyes glistened.

'Aye, guy fond. Hae ye a saxpence aboot ye?'

'Yes, I have.' Penelope pulled out her purse. By luck she had it in her pocket, having been down to the little post-office to send off a letter to her father. Not feeling certain that the postage to Jamaica would be understood by the footman, whose duty it was to take down the letter-bag, she had attended to the matter herself, and now rejoiced in having done so.

'See here, Tosh, what's this?'

Tosh prudently drew nearer and inspected the coin between her fingers at close quarters before replying.

Then 'I'm thinkin' it's a saxpence,' he advanced cautiously.

'A nice bright sixpence, Tosh. It would buy a heap of things—black sugar at the shop, and hooks for your rod, and string——'

'I ken fine what it wad buy.'

'I know you do. And you want some hooks, don't you?

You fish off the pier, for I have seen you.'

'No that muckle. It's no guid fishin' weather.' Tosh cunningly affected indifference. He began to perceive the drift of the conversation.

'Oh, is it not? Then perhaps you don't care about the sixpence. Perhaps they have no black sugar at the shop just now.' And Penelope, not to be outdone, pretended to drop the coin into her purse again.

Tosh fell into the trap at once.

'Nae black sugar at the mairchant's!' cried he. 'Aweel, I saw it mysel' i' the window as I cam' by the noo. Ye'll gie me yon saxpence,' and his arm began to steal round from the back.

He was obviously wavering.

'I'll give it you, Tosh.' Once more it was held up before his eyes temptingly. 'I'll give it you with pleasure now that you are a good Tosh, and are going to give me what is in your hand. You know, Tosh, that, whatever it is, it is of no use to you, and whoever sees it would take it from you——'

'Na; I'll no let them.'

'You would never be able to bring it out, because someone would ask you about it, and where you got it, and Lord Carnoustie would hear of it, and be vexed with you, and you would have to let it go after all, Tosh; whereas now, if you take this nice sixpence and go down to Davy Cameron's, where the black sugar is——'

Tosh suddenly snatched the sixpence from her hand, and flinging something out of the other, which rang upon the hard ground like a piece of metal, ran stumbling off in the direction

indicated.

'Aha!' murmured Penelope, lifting up the castaway and turning it over in her fingers. 'Oho! Indeed? Yes, I thought so. Mina's silver—pencil—case!'

Mina's 'silver pencil-case,' if such the treasure-trove proved indeed to be, was of a peculiar shape and fashion not generally

recognised.

'I don't call this a very useful kind of "pencil-case" now,' observed Penelope, holding up before her a massive silver shawl

brooch, deeply engraved, of a pattern frequently seen among the kilted clans of Scotland, 'and I should not have supposed there was much fun in calling it by that name. I call this article a brooch, and a very handsome brooch, too. Ha! What have we here?' investigating more closely. 'What is this? Initials engraved among the leaves and thistles? Initials? No, good

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heavens, no! It is a name. It is "Mina!"

"Mina," it is indeed,' exclaimed Penelope, after a pause of mingled exultation and amazement. "Mina," as large as life, or rather as clear as day, for it is hardly large. Anyhow, this is Mina's brooch, and here is Mina's name, and there are no two "Minas" in the Isle of A. I have found my dear cousin out in another little specimen of her peculiar temperament. She loses a brooch, and tells me she has lost a pencil-case! She tells no one else she has lost anything whatever. She goes to the drawing-room and says she was only in the grounds, whereas I spied her up against the sky-line on the moor! The good Soutter women pat her on the shoulder, and are afraid she has hurried in "to see them." She says, "Oh, it was no distance to hurry!" whereas all my powers of lung might have been exhausted in vain to make her hear if Torquil Macalister had not come to the rescue! What I want to know is, what is the meaning of all this?' with sudden fire. 'What is this girl up to, that she requires so much fibbing? Ailsie knows, or I'm mistaken; but Ailsie does not mean to tell me, and puts me off by pretending Mina has fits. Fits? Fiddlesticks! She has no more fits than I have. If they thought she had, moreover, would they be so eager to let me be with her all day long? Ailsie telling me never to leave her! No, it is not fits, and I don't know what it is; but of one thing I am pretty sure by this time—no one suspects anything but Ailsie, and Ailsie does not intend me to share her suspicions.

'Now what about this pretty ornament?' Penelope next debated with herself. 'How shall I restore it to its owner? Before everybody, and see what she would say? I have no reason to suppose she would object, have I? Tosh finds this brooch; I persuade Tosh to deliver it up to me (oh, I'll tell them about our haggling over the sixpence, and all, straight out; they would enjoy the scene, especially Tosh's great friend "Carnoustie"); and I, discovering Mina's name engraven among the thistles, forthwith surrender it to its rightful owner. I am not to be supposed to know that the rightful owner would wish me at Jericho

first, am I? I have done the proper thing, and she ought to be grateful to me, not only for extracting her brooch from the maw of Tosh, but for tipping him in return out of my own purse. If she has a sense of what is my due, she will recoup me for that sixpence. Well, now,' after a pause, 'shall I?'

Another pause.

'They will all be at luncheon when I go in—that is to say, I need not go in till luncheon time, and be a little late, so that all may be seated at table, when there would be a grand opportunity. I could hand the brooch across the table in full view of all, and I should then have a fair chance of deciding whether or not I have accused unjustly my cousin in the present instance. If she were to accept with thanks and coolness her lost trinket, and if everybody seemed to know it by sight, and expressed nothing but joy in its recovery, I should beg her pardon in my heart, and think twice before I made a mountain out of a molehill a second time. But if, on the other hand, I were confronted by such a face as has been turned on me more than once lately——.'

She paused.

'I have seen Mina grow red and white beneath the simplest observations upon the most far-fetched topics. Last night she was trembling all over because uncle Carnoustie was talking of giving up the home farm, as it does not pay. I heard her mumbling to herself, and suddenly she drew a breath and sprang out of the room, as if someone had been scolding her-as if she had had anything to do with the bad lambing year and the losses among the sheep! Then she is always harping upon the Carnoustie pride, and the Carnoustie exclusiveness, as if I can't see the pride and the exclusiveness (as well as the stupidity and ignorance) for myself! She seems to have some rankling spite against her own family; and as long as I was new, and she could let it out to me freely, she was well enough pleased to make me a sort of safety-valve. But ever since I shut her up once or twice -and especially since we had that quarrel about friendship, and marriage, and I said I agreed with them about people keeping to their own rank of life in such things—she has turned against me too. I suspect she has been reading some books with socialistic notions,' quoth Penelope, wisely. 'Papa once brought down some books he said were "socialistic," and I remember I looked into them and they were full of dull nonsense—very like the nonsense Mina talks. Now that I think of it, as likely as not she has got her head addled with those sort of books. She was reading something yesterday she would not let me see, and she said "a friend" had lent it her. "A friend?" There's not a human being on the place but Redwood, and the Soutters, and the minister. Mina would have named any one of those, but all she said was "a friend." Now who could that mysterious "friend" be? I meant to think that out before, but I forgot. Never mind; it's all of a piece. There is a long skein to unravel somewhere, and I have not got hold of the least little bit of an end yet.'

But Penelope did not confront her cousin with the brooch in

public after all. She thought she would not.

It was easy to argue that the action was perfectly justifiable, indeed, in a measure, necessary. She could only feel that it was base, and Penelope had never done anything base in her life.

She now turned her steps towards the little turret bedchamber adjoining her own, whose open door revealed Mina adjusting her toilet, preparatory to obeying the summons which the gong had

just sounded.

'Hi! who's lost this?' cried Penelope, good-humouredly stepping in and holding out the brooch. ('I won't even bid her guess what I've found, poor thing!' she said to herself.) Hi! Catch! And don't go dropping your barbaric gewgaws about on the roads another time, or you mayn't always have the luck to have them brought back to you by two such honest vagabonds as Tosh and me.'

'How did you know this was mine?' The tongue of the speaker seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth. Her voice sounded thick and choked.

'How did I know? I can read, I suppose. And when I see

the name "Mina" engraved--'

'Ah, to be sure—yes. Yes, I did have my name put on. It is rather well done, is it not? Oh, thank you very much, Penelope! I am so glad to have my old brooch again! I—it was—was rather a favourite.'

Penelope smiled internally: 'All the same, you were not a little taken aback at the first sight of it, my dear. I saw.'

'Well, don't leave your favourites on the hill-side again,' said she aloud. 'It is risky. Don't you want to know where it was found, and how?'

'Yes, very much. Did—did you find it?' Mina was stammering painfully. The second luncheon gong sounded.

'We must go down at once, Penelope, or you know mamma will be vexed. Pray be quick, Penelope dear, and tell me about

the brooch another time. You—you won't say anything about my silly carelessness downstairs, will you, Penelope?'

'Not if you don't wish it, Mina.'

'I would rather you did not, Penelope.'

It was all very much what Penelope had pictured, only that instead of passion there had been a grey shade of anguish on her cousin's cheek, a look of almost sickened terror in her cousin's eyes when first they fell upon the missing trinket, which made Penelope recognise the value of her own after-thought. 'I would not have had them see her for the world,' she thought, as she hurriedly flew downstairs. 'It was terrible. What it means I do not know, but I will never try to learn at the expense of causing that poor thing such another agony of fright as was painted on her face just now. If she minded me so much, what would she not fear from them? No, my poor cousin, you are safe from me. I will not betray you. I will say nothing; and I will try neither to see, nor to hear, nor to suspect.'

CHAPTER XXI.

LADY CARNOUSTIE'S DILEMMA.

THERE was to be a break in the monotony of daily life at Carnoustie Castle.

'If you are going to have your picnic, or whatever you call it, you had better have it and be done with it,' suddenly announced Lord Carnoustie one day. 'You can't have the men to row after this week.'

It was then explained to Penelope, who was supposed to be all eagerness, that every year, about this season, it was the habit of the family to betake themselves to the large boat—so called in distinction to the little one more commonly in use—and be rowed to some point four or five miles off on either side of the shore, where luncheon was prepared among the rocks and caves, whilst the party amused themselves and Joanna sketched.

It was Lady Carnoustie's frolic, and often the only day in the year on which she set foot in a boat, or varied the usual stagnation of her vegetable existence.

Not that this was put into words; oh no! Penelope was merely informed that dear mamma always enjoyed her one day on the water, and that nothing was ever allowed to stand in the way of the expedition. They had not missed this water day for

years and years! Louisa exclaimed with animation; and 'I hope we never shall!' subjoined Joanna with an equally exultant glance towards her cousin. Both thought how charmed Penelope would be.

'We always choose a very, very fine day,' said Louisa.

'And we start quite early in the forenoon,' said Joanna.

'We have four men to row, and papa steers,' said Louisa.

'And we have a fire among the rocks to roast the potatoes,' said Joanna.

Penelope looked at them both.

'How nice!'

And it really would have been nice under other conditions, among other people. She was not at all too old or too wise for simple pleasures, might they only have been shared by any people other than the Carnousties. But the Carnousties were becoming grievous to her, their weight, their dulness, their prim self-satisfaction intolerable. Her main desire, as the days passed, was to get away from them, and pass her time unthwarted and unquestioned elsewhere; wherefore it was impossible to say more than 'How nice!' when it was still more plainly impossible to say less.

Mina caught her cousin afterwards.

'You did not manage that particularly well, Penelope,' with curled lip. 'Your "How nice!" lacked fervour. And anyone looking at you to behold your joy, might have been struck by what they beheld in its place.'

Penelope felt a little foolish. Hers was a singularly truthful nature, as Mina Carnoustie knew, wherefore it was unkind thus to

pen her into a corner.

'You see I am not very fond of boats,' she murmured.

'Was that it? I thought you had been out a good deal lately in a boat. Have I not seen you and the Glenmore Katie——'

'Ah, yes; but,' said Penelope eagerly, 'that was under the lee of the shore, as Katie calls it. We never go out in the open.

It is the open sea I am afraid of.'

'You don't suppose we are going out to sea to-morrow?'—the morrow had been fixed upon for the expedition. 'What are you thinking of?' said Mina with a faint smile. 'We are never a dozen yards from land all the time. Mamma would be miserable if we were further off.'

'I'm glad to hear that. I shall no longer be afraid!'

'No, you need no longer be afraid'-the speaker paused,

then, with another flickering smile, added, 'I like it no better than you do, Penelope; perhaps less.'

Penelope laughed.

'It is rather a-strain sometimes, Mina, is it not?'

'Strain?' Mina's blue eyes shot fire. 'It is such a strain than one wonders how it can be lived through,' she exclaimed with vehemence.

'Oh, I did not mean that!' Penelope drew back a little.

'Perhaps you didn't; I do,' responded her cousin briefly.
'You may be able to bear it, because you are new to the burden; and, besides, it does not press on you as it does on me; but I—I—cannot breathe,' and she turned away and walked off, muttering to herself as she went.

Penelope stood still and looked after her. Then she nodded her head slowly. 'Well, you know,' apostrophising the departing form, 'you yourself, my dear, if one may be allowed to say so, are no very inconsiderable part of the "strain"; you cut quite a creditable figure in the sum total of the "burden." I could shuffle along under the rest; but with the addition of you'-and the sage head nodded again. 'What were you up to last night, when you came in from the farm with your white dress all dank with dew and stained with green? You may have been at the farm, but you hadn't been only at the farm, Mina, my sweetest: that I can swear to. What are they all about not to see there's something going on which won't bear the light? And why don't they clip their fairy's wings a bit? If she has taken to wandering about by herself on moonlight nights, and buying silver brooches off travelling pedlars which she can't pay for (I suppose that was the interpretation of the brooch episode), it is a bad beginning for a young person of Mina's temperament. She'll be joining the gipsy encampment next. By the way, the gipsies have been about a good deal lately; would that in any way account for my fair cousin's pranks? Yes! Am I wanted?' in answer to a call, And as she was wanted, and it was Lady Carnoustie who wanted her, all further ruminating had to be suspended.

When Penelope learned, however, for what purpose her presence was required she forgave the interruption, and modified her objections to the water party.

Lady Carnoustie was enthroned, as usual, on her sofa, and Louisa was by her; Joanna had probably also been seated within the radius before she had been sent to summon Penelope.

'Now, what have I been and gone and done?' was the latter's

first thought. 'Poor little Pen., you are going to get squashed.'

But she found she was not to be squashed.

'I sent for you, my dear Penelope,' began Lady Carnoustie in her most gracious accents, 'about a little matter as to which we—my daughters and I—incline to think you are perhaps likely to be better informed than we are ourselves. We think that your opinion would be of value to us. I state the case correctly, I think, Louisa? That is how we feel, is it not, Joanna?'

The sisters assented excitedly.

'Good gracious! What's coming?' thought Penelope.

'You, having lived in London, my dear niece—I must call you niece——'

'Oh ves, auntie.'

'I was about to say that your London life, Penelope, must have qualified you for—I would observe you must know what to do in a matter of etiquette'—Lady Carnoustie began nervously to shed her fine language as she perceived a shade of impatience even on her own daughters' well-disciplined faces. 'It is regarding a matter of etiquette that I—being old-fashioned and not conversant with modern ideas—am anxious to defer to your judgment. I have lived much out of the world of late, and I am not ashamed to own that while I would be unwilling to offend against the most rigid canons of propriety, I hardly in the present instance know what propriety demands.'

'Come, this is better,' thought Penelope. 'Lady Carnoustie desirous of offending against the canons of propriety! I rather

like that.'

Outwardly she merely observed, 'Yes, auntie,' with a gentle

interrogatory note and a treacherous twinkle of the eye.

'Ahem!' said Lady Carnoustie, and paused. She could hardly bring herself to open the case, it was one of such extreme delicacy. At length, however, while the faint pink colour mounted to her cheek, she found voice to proceed. 'We are short of rowers for to-morrow,' she said, 'and your uncle—it is his idea entirely—he came in and suggested to me just now that—that perhaps were we to invite our new neighbour, Mr. Redwood—.'

'Why, yes, of course, he'd be just the man!' cried Penelope. ('Come, this isn't to be such a bad old expedition after all,' quoth she, internally.)

'Now, my dear Penelope'—but Lady Carnoustie did not look altogether displeased—'you are too impulsive. I had not really—

really you have not taken all the different points into consideration. What I chiefly wished to inquire of you is—you are used to water parties on the Thames, I understand——?'

'Oh, to lots of them, auntie!'

'Is such a thing done?' demanded Lady Carnoustie, sitting bolt upright, while Louisa and Joanna also started forward in sympathy. 'Are gentlemen ever invited in such an easy way to take part in the proceedings? Can one say openly to a recent acquaintance such as Mr. Redwood, "Will you come and help—to—row the boat?"'

'Lor!' ejaculated Penelope. She had not said 'Lor' for weeks; but in the amazement, bordering on consternation, with which she fathomed the speaker's innocence, the monosyllable

escaped. She covered it, however, hastily.

'It is what is done every day, and every hour of the day. We send along to the first man handy whenever we want anyone to take an oar. We never think of using up our gardeners and grooms——'

'Oh, you don't? Not even when you are a large party?'

'The more the merrier. What are men for but to row? We girls row ourselves when there is not a heavy load; it is only when we are going a big party we need them.'

'And they come? They do not think it a liberty your asking

them?'

'If they do, they don't take the liberty to show it, auntie.'

'But now, my dear Penelope, pray be serious. You are smiling, but this is no smiling matter. I should really like to ask Mr. Redwood.'

'Then, my dear auntie, in heaven's name, ask him; he'll bless you for it.'

'You really think so?'

Penelope laughed outright. In her heart, it must be owned, she made use of two very small words which would have had a startling effect had they been breathed aloud; but as they were not, her auditors were quite satisfied with the laugh of confidence, and never knew that this very modern young lady had added, to herself, 'You bet!'

'She certainly inspires one with trust in her judgment,' observed Lady Carnoustie, looking round when the referee had been dismissed; 'it is something to have at hand a person so thoroughly versed in such matters. I shall write to Mr. Redwood immediately. Penelope's sanction is quite sufficient.'

We generally find the sanction of another sufficient when it

jumps with our own inclinations.

In her own stupid, purblind fashion Lady Carnoustie had taken hold of the idea presented on the first occasion of Redwood's visiting the castle. Redwood had then, as we knew, singled out the youngest Miss Carnoustie for notice, on two accounts, both due to the same origin; he wished to avoid the young lady whom he suspected of prying upon his humiliation; and he was insensibly attracted by the other whom no one could suppose possessed even any knowledge of it.

After the discovery that all were alike in ignorance, he had not found a downcast countenance necessary to his comfort, and

had consequently been more general in his attentions.

But Lady Carnoustie, being slow of wits, and having no reason to suppose there had been any change, or cause for change, in his demeanour, had retained intact the first impressions produced. Satisfied on the score of Mr. Redwood's family and connections, it only needed his being a regular attendant at the parish church to establish him in her ladyship's good opinion, and she was ready to extend her patronage to a solemn, lengthy, ceremonious courtship, as soon as might be.

Indeed, the consciousness of this it was which made the poor woman quite diffident about inviting Redwood to row her boat.

She felt as though the request were at once too flattering and too cool.

To Penelope, indeed, she only owned to the coolness—but to herself and her confidential allies she had turned the matter to the light from another quarter, before summoning her arbitratress; and Louisa and Joanna, with rising sympathy and exhilaration, agreed that if dear mamma approved of Mr. Redwood, and Mr. Redwood were aware of it, all would be smooth sailing.

A note was now despatched to Inverashet.

Redwood, however, was out, and in their present state of mind this was something of a blow. Considering the effort that had been made—for no one had ever before been invited to join the family party on this occasion—it was felt that he ought to have been at home, and to have despatched an acceptance with the utmost haste. In that event only could Lady Carnoustie have been quite at ease in her secret soul. She had done a daring and venturesome deed—risked a bold hazard—and was not even to be altogether reassured by the support of those about her.

Lord Carnoustie said easily, 'I met Duncan in the road to

Inversahet. Were you sending to Redwood about to-morrow?' And on being replied in the affirmative, rejoined, 'He'll be just the man for you. He was in his college boat at Oxford. It's lucky we thought of him.'

Penelope had also said Redwood would be just the manusing the very same words—and had laughed at her aunt's punctiliousness in a way that was quite inspiring. Lady Carnoustie had been actually pleased with the laugh, and pleased with herself for being so! 'No one can say that I am above learning, even from a child,' she thought. 'I deplore Penelope's worldly wisdom, but I permit her to instruct me in it. See how humble and lowly I am! My humility and delicacy, moreover, must reprove Penelope's levity, and make her secretly applaud the very scrupulousness she derides.'

But all the same she wished Redwood had sent an answer. When four o'clock came, and no answer had yet been received, uneasiness had developed into positive anxiety; and she was prepared to blame her husband, her daughters, Penelope, and all who had encouraged and, as she now termed it, urged her on to a course so desperate—when the door bell rang, and a few minutes afterwards Mr. Redwood was announced.

Lady Carnoustie's brow cleared; she forgave herself and all concerned; and the young man who had so courteously brought his own response was accorded her best welcome. She was alone, but she was very glad to see him.

Redwood, like the Misses Soutter, never could see that Lady Carnoustie was stiff; certainly not that her blood was poisoned by corrosive festering arrogance. Redwood thought her a very properly mannered dowager—a dowager who merited universal approbation—he felt he had always esteemed such—especially since Mary Duberly's chaperon had once slapped him on the back. Even at the time he had experienced a mild surprise that a woman of Mrs. du Boisgobey's standing should permit herself such freedom, and afterwards he had counted it among his items of torture. He had been slapped, and been seen to be slapped, by eyes innumerable; and the hand which had been the instrument of such jocularity had been the same which, within a few days, had attempted to force back upon him the gifts which he had sent his bride.

Upon the occasion of his first visit to Carnoustie Castle he had preferred the stately mistress of the house to anyone in the room, except her youngest daughter.

He was a grave man, and, when under a cloud, a dull one.

So far Redwood has done himself no justice in these pages, but we wish to present him as faithfully to our readers as he presented himself to all new people with whom he came into contact at this period. They would have laughed at his club to hear Charley Redwood called 'dull'—but it is to be feared this was the attribute which would most certainly have been applied to him by strangers

during the summer whose events we are recording.

Gravity suited Carnoustie Castle, and what was in Redwood want of spirits and physical languor—for the whole affair had unnerved and unsettled him—was adjudged a part of his normal character, and, as such, highly esteemed by its inmates. When he lent a listless ear to the pompous platitudes of his hostess, agreeing to all she said because it was not worth while to disagree, and assenting with a smile when it was too much trouble to speak, he was little aware of the golden opinions he was winning without an effort. He was not bored, because he wanted nothing better than to be bored. Of all things he coveted he liked this being let alone, unquestioned, and unremarked upon.

It was soothing to find himself entirely left out of the conversation; and that it should turn upon a set of harmless, ignorant working people, upon all the Sandys and Maggies, and Jamies and Jeanies of the village, as it usually did—for other topics were scarce and of small interest to anyone at the castle—seemed to Redwood quaintly primitive and pleasing. How far he could have endured it under other circumstances it boots not here to inquire.

Accordingly, Lady Carnoustie's visitor sat down beside her, prepared to listen to her usual solemn twaddle with his usual good

grace, and an odd scene followed.

For Lady Carnoustie could not talk with that great question of the boating expedition still pending, and still on her mind; while Redwood, it may here be explained, had never got the note. He had been out on the hills since morning, having taken something to eat in his pocket.

Naturally, therefore, he made no attempt to relieve his com-

panion of her load.

Another woman would have begun without hesitating for a moment, 'I hope you will be able to join us to-morrow?' But, needless to add, so bold a hazard would have sunk Lady Carnoustie for ever in her own estimation. What? Persecute a man for his company? Pester him with her impatience? Never! She

could, she hoped, wait in dignified patience till it should please the young man to signify his intentions. Doubtless Mr. Redwood judged it best not to seem too eager; but certainly it was his 'place'—she had now settled Redwood's 'place' in her own mind—to speak first.

When Redwood sat on and on, and yet emitted no word on the

all-important subject, she knew not what to think.

Perhaps for the first time in her life her stock of feeble trivialities was felt to be inadequate. She could not keep going for ever, she thought with some exasperation; and really it was so extraordinary of Mr. Redwood.

But before Redwood had time to be still more extraordinary the door opened, and Lord Carnoustie poked in his head.

'Anyone here? Where are the girls? Has Redwood---'

'Here is Mr. Redwood, Carnoustie,' pointedly.

'Eh? Oh, Redwood; didn't see you. I was just going to ask, Can you come to-morrow? for if not I must get another man. Don't put yourself out—Torquil Macalister will find us a fourth man—but, of course, we should be happy to have you.'

'I don't understand,' said Redwood, looking from one to the other. 'Is it anything you want me to do, Lord Carnoustie?'

'Didn't you get her note?'

And 'You did not then receive my note?' simultaneously demanded the lady.

In a minute all was right. He had received nothing, knew nothing, but now agreed to everything. He would be very happy to go, happy to be of use; had been accustomed to rowing all his life, and had never seen the caves on the south side of the island.

His reply to every interrogation was satisfactory.

CHAPTER XXII.

PENELOPE IS LEFT ALONE TO GATHER DRIFTWOOD.

A DEWY August morning melted into a glorious summer day. Not a speck was to be seen in the sky, while the glassy water reflected every object on its surface, and the quivering air along the fences and gateways evidenced the heat in store.

'It will be pleasanter for you than for your oarsmen,' observed Lord Carnoustie, addressing his spouse, to whom he always spoke of the day as 'your day,' and of the party as 'your party'; 'your weather is all right for you, anyway.'

'Yes, indeed, dear mamma is most fortunate,' observed Louisa.

And dear mamma herself amicably smiled assent.

She was in the best of humours, and Lady Carnoustie could really be very nice so long as the best of humours lasted; indeed, she was at no time a bad-hearted woman, only unreasonably self-satisfied, exacting, and punctilious in small matters.

When all went well, and her petty mind was content to believe that no one was seeking to thwart or overreach her, more especially when taken entirely out of her own beat, she could open out quite wonderfully, and be so grateful, and obliged, and considerate, that you would hardly have known her for the same woman you met under other conditions.

Penelope, who had prepared herself for a day of annoyance, or at best of chastened enjoyment, was agreeably surprised to find in her usually prosy and peevish relation, a meek, bland, responsive companion, who was pleased with everything, and obedient to the slightest suggestion of her conductors.

Her walk down to the shore was a royal progress. She was the centre of attention—everybody's thought; and her comfort and convenience everybody's primary care. This position exactly suited her.

Leaning on her husband's arm, with one daughter carrying her shawl, and another her cushion, with Mina and Penelope running along in front to say she was coming, and her own maid following behind to make sure she was not incommoded by the way, she was—for her—completely happy; and all had the benefit of her serenity.

'My good Dickinson, do not come down in this hot sun; I am quite well taken care of, I assure you. I insist upon it, Dickinson. That little cap upon your head is no protection. Oh well, if you will disobey me, you know'—in high good humour. Then, with a pinch of Carnoustie's arm, 'She is such a good creature; she fancies that she must see me safely off with her own eyes; it is no use my sending her back, she would be quite unhappy!'

Anon it was, 'Dear Louisa, I am quite sorry you should have encumbered yourself with that heavy shawl. There was really no occasion on a day like this. Some of the men could have brought up the plaids from the boat for me to sit on, if you think the caves may be damp. You are coddling your old mother, I fear,' as Louisa delightedly deprecated the idea of being 'encumbered.'

Penelope had the next pæan.

'A pretty figure, has she not, Carnoustie?' with another pinch. Lord Carnoustie did not like his arm being pinched; the fingers were rather thin and bony, and they gripped a tender part; but he would have endured anything rather than ruffle the smooth surface of the day's events; one could never tell what might happen, and he was always glad when the affair was well over. 'Penelope has a very pretty figure, and she trips along lightly,' continued her ladyship, eyeing the pair in front. 'She is not so tall as Mina; but many people are indifferent to height in women. I hope those two will not fatigue themselves with running. They have a long day before them,' with unction.

The run, however, came to an end as she spoke. Redwood was at the gates, and other figures were on the shore, and all was in readiness. No haphazard fashion of getting off was permitted on such a day; nothing had been allowed to be forgotten or neglected. The boat had been baled, and carpeted, and overhauled from bow to stern; there was a spare oar, and a couple of spare rowlock pins; the luncheon baskets were stowed away; and Lady

Carnoustie herself was the next article required.

Graciously responding to every salutation, Lady Carnoustie was passed on from hand to hand, and eventually landed in her seat of honour. There was nothing for maid or footman to put themselves forward about; no means by which her ladyship's eye might be brought to bear upon their attentiveness. She was pleased to note, however, that they were there; and Duncan and Dickinson felt that they might have their day off with an easy mind.

'Will you be stroke, Redwood?' inquired Lord Carnoustie,

taking the helm.

Redwood made no objection.

'Torquil next you; Peter next him; and John next him,' directed Lord Carnoustie; and the men took their places.

In the stern were the three elder ladies; Mina and Penelope being relegated to the bow; and the boat pushed off mirrored

in the clear water of the bay.

'What a day Lady Carnoustie has got for her ploy!' exclaimed the elder Miss Soutter to her sister, as from their doorstep the worthy pair watched the departure. 'I declare Lady Carnoustie is always fortunate. What a pretty sight that boat is! And Mr. Redwood's flannel suit—really most picturesque, Marianne!' after a pause. 'Marianne, I'm thinking——'

'So am I,' said Marianne, blinking in the sun. 'That's just

what I'm thinking, too, Jean,'

'Mr. Redwood's a fine young man, Marianne.'

'And not too young, Jean.'

'They're beginning—if one might say so of Lord Carnoustie's daughters—to get on. To be sure, it is no matter; no matter for a family like Lord Carnoustie's whether they get on or——'

'Or go off,' cackled Marianne, and the two old bodies laughed

together.

'But then there's Mina. Somehow, I do think Mina is not just like her sisters,' continued the elder, thoughtfully after a while, 'If one might say so of such people as the Carnousties, Louisa and Joanna are cut out for old maids-like ourselves. I could almost doubt their doing so well in the married state, as I have often said; they are cut out for Carnoustie Castle and nowhere else; and whatever they would do without Lady Carnoustie to give them her advice and help, and supply them with all the information they require-Lady Carnoustie being such a very superior person-I really can't think. I always ask Lady Carnoustie's opinion, whenever I get the chance; and she's always most kind in giving it. And I really don't think Louisv and Joanny could get on at all without their mother. Mina is different. When she was a little thing, do you remember how she used to run in here and cry that she wanted other girls to play with? Take my word for it now, Marianne, she wants other girls to play with still.'

'Well, she's got Penelope.'

Jean gave her sister a little push.

'Eh, you're a gomeril! Penelope, indeed! It's not "Penelope" now-but it's the same thing. The lassie frets because she's cooped up like a hen with chickens, or like a hen without chickens-without anything. She's not to do this, and she's not to do that, and what is she to do? She has no fancy for puddling in and out among the poor folks, small blame to her! I'm not so fond of it myself, poor things! It isn't everybody that likes them and their dirt. Well, then, she's not musical like Louisv. nor artistic like Joanny, though between ourselves I do think those drawings of Joanny's are dreadful queer-coloured, and not just so like the places she says they are as they might be. The one thing Mina likes is books; and that's most unfortunate, for Lady Carnoustie is that particular that, according to her, there's scarcely a book a lassie can read in their library. Of course a person like Lady Carnoustie must know best; still, I will say I think it's a pity Mina should come to our house for books; and sometimes, Marianne, do you know, I misdoubt I ought hardly to give them to her. But then, poor lamb! she is six-and-twenty years of age; and supposing she had been married half-a-dozen years syne, which you know she might have been '—(in strict confidence the Misses Soutter had been informed of the one love affair which had had such an ephemeral existence and such an abrupt termination),—'by this time she might have had a family of her own,' concluded Miss Jean, impressively.

'Time enough yet,' responded Marianne, whose eyes were still fixed upon the boat which was slowly rounding the point of

the bay. 'If you think Mina wants a husband-

'Oh fie! Wants a husband indeed!'

'That's what you mean, neither more nor less; and what I say is, here's Mr. Redwood for her.'

'Unless he takes up with Penelope.'

As she spoke she turned round and looked at her sister fixedly. Marianne had again expressed her thoughts, but did Marianne share the fear, the lurking apprehension of her own breast? For many days past she had been putting the question to herself, which would she herself choose, were she a young man, unmarried and free to select a wife? Loyalty to the Carnoustie race demanded that she should at once scout the idea of any danger from a rival where one of them was concerned, but somehow she could not bring herself to disdain Penelope's charms. Penelope was no fairer, no prettier than her cousin-she even lacked Mina's languid grace of movement; but, on the other hand, the life that sparkled in her eye, the joyous animation of her voice, her very expressions, piquant and suggestive, redolent of another sphere-did they not carry with them their own irresistible witchery, and might not Redwood be more susceptible to such than to stereotyped attractions?

'I doubt I know which I would have,' cogitated poor Miss

Jean ruefully.

Her old heart went out to the youth of Penelope. Penelope was so young, yet so clever! Had she dared to think as much of a Carnoustie, she would have said that her rival, if rival Mina

were, was childish without being childlike.

Nevertheless, she comforted herself with the thought that she was not Redwood—not a man—and that men, especially when suitors, often went 'clean contrairy' to the rest of the world. Redwood had certainly so far evinced no sense of appreciating the young English stranger at a higher rate than her relations; and it was but reasonable to hope he had not perceived the difference.

And, at any rate, Lady Carnoustie had invited Redwood to her

own pleasure party.

Within the memory of the factor's sisters, no one not resident for the time being within the castle precincts had ever been permitted to take part in that august festivity, and they rightly discerned in the present departure from the order of things a certain significance.

To be sure, the year's tenant of Inverashet had been down considerably earlier in the season than was at all usual; and this was known to be felt a compliment by Lord Carnoustie and his They did not like to hear that Inverashet was only to be inhabited a few days before the 'Twelfth.' 'Just as if there were nothing but shooting on the island!' they would say to each other when this was the case. Still, Mr. Redwood had had no reason to complain of any lack of hospitality in the Misses Soutter's eyes. He had dined about once a fortnight at the castle, a great condescension on the part of the Carnousties towards a stranger of whose pedigree they knew next to nothing (there was a rumoured Sir Henry Redwood somewhere in the background, but even of that personage Lord Carnoustie could only affirm he had 'heard'); so that really the Carnousties had done their part, and were doing it, by the young man; and he could never have expected to be included in the family picnic.

That he had not been asked on the spur of the moment, all who knew anything about the Carnousties would be very certain.

Had he then shown any predilection for one of the young ladies? And if so, did the parents approve? Or, did they not perceive?

This was the problem which puzzled the worthy sisters, and which neither the one nor the other, nor yet John, to whom it was presently submitted, could answer.

Meantime the big boat thumped along.

Redwood, whose rowing had chiefly been done in Eton and Oxford skiffs, was at first slightly thrown out by the heavy oar and lumbering style it entailed, but soon becoming used to his work, showed himself a master hand.

And he enjoyed the pull.

It was hard work, no doubt, and he was not in first-rate condition; but the scenery was beautiful, the weather delightful, and the company rather to his mind than otherwise.

They were not lively people, but he did not want lively people. Lord Carnoustie was a fine-looking old greybeard, and the little talks in which every now and then he indulged with his men showed him 'a good sort.' He made jokes with Peter, and John, and Torquil Macalister, and the three answered readily, and laughed cheerfully: Redwood could see that they understood their landlord, and he them.

Lady Carnoustie was still in a state of beaming quiescence, and the younger ladies followed her lead. No one was noisy or demonstrative. Redwood had once gone on the river with Miss Duberly and a party, and remembered that they had all—including himself—been fairly boisterous. He hated the recollection which rose before him as the quiet boat moved on its course through the placid water, and the only sounds that broke the measured thud of the oars were subdued voices, in whose every accent gentle nurture was discernible, or the responses of the humbler crew, with whose jargon there yet intermingled no strain of coarseness or vulgarity.

It was all pleasant, all harmonious.

Penelope's 'Oh, how beautiful—how beautiful!' from the bow, was but the spontaneous expression of a glad young heart unable to contain itself.

Redwood smiled upon Penelope as he handed her out, when the time for disembarking arrived. He had given over classing her with Mary Duberly long before this, and established her in his mind within her own niche of the Carnoustie family. She was a Carnoustie, and a nice cheery little Carnoustie—quite harmless and innocent, yet sharp enough—quite 'up to date' and simple withal.

She wanted a fire? All right; he would help to make a fire. He was ready to do anything. Was any other service required of him?

Not just then. The men were carrying up the baskets, and the ladies would arrange the luncheon. Mina was going for water to the mountain spring—'Oh, let me!' cried Redwood, not sorry to loosen his limbs, which were stiff from the long row; 'I'll fetch the water,' forgetting that he had the moment before promised to make the fire.

As a fact he had no choice which he did; he did not care one jot; either would give him the kind of exercise he wanted, and either would afford opportunity for the pipe he longed for. No one would object to his smoking in the open air.

But Penelope felt a strange sharp pang at her heart.

Since when was it that anything said or done by this careless

stranger had had the power thus to move her? She had no idea. She had never before experienced the like.

There they were, the two tall figures, springing away over the moss hags, swinging the little pail between them—and there was

she left alone to gather her sticks.

Mechanically she went on gathering them. What in the world had come to her? Jealous of Mina? And jealous because of Redwood? What was either Redwood or Mina to her? She had gaily bantered her cousin on the subject, and seriously considered that such an alliance would be the very best thing that could happen, could it by any means be brought to pass. When Mina had coldly negatived the idea, or turned it aside, Penelope had felt quite impatient. It was not likely anything could ever be done for a girl who would do nothing for herself; who when she saw a chance would not profit by it.

Of late the two had talked frequently of Redwood. Their subjects of conversation were limited, and every occasion which brought him to the castle showed him to greater advantage than before. Certainly he had at first been underrated. He was not the unmovable, unimpressionable man he had been on the surface. There were gleams about his face, notes in his voice; he let fall curious items, made allusions; they perceived—or Penelope did—that they had another personality to reckon with than they

had erst supposed.

Penelope had been more than pleased that Redwood should

join the water party.

But now—now she must gather her sticks by herself. Redwood had indeed smiled upon her and offered to help her, but he had gone off with her cousin the minute after.

All at once she wanted no fire, and secretly grudged the

labour of collecting driftwood beneath a blazing sun.

The shore was as hot where she was as on the hill-side. It was quite as weary work bending her back over her quest as carrying a pail to the upland for water. Why had Lady Carnoustie drawn Redwood's attention to her daughter's mission? Mina wanted no assistance, and was contentedly slipping away by herself unperceived by all the rest; had she been presently sighted by Redwood he would doubtless have presumed her to be strolling about for the sake of a little refreshing exercise after the long row, during which she had had to sit still. Lady Carnoustie's awkwardness had forced him to be chivalrous.

Lady Carnoustie was now on her way to a cool retreat beneath

the rocks, in search of shelter from the burning sun; Lord Carnoustie remained tranquilly in charge of the boat; while the others, in a group, were toiling over the shore with the various items towards the spot selected for the encampment; and there was no one—as she thought—near Penelope.

She was therefore not a little surprised, and somewhat startled, to hear on a sudden a violent exclamation of anger—in truth, it was a good round oath, though unintelligible, being in a strange language—within a few yards of where she stood dejectedly regarding the pair upon the slope above; and, not wishing to run across an irate islander, whosoever he might be, or against whomsoever his wrath might be directed, was turning to hasten away, when, to her surprise, Lord Carnoustie's own favourite retainer, Torquil Macalister, issued from the spot.

(To be continued.)

Savage Spiritualism.

PHILOSOPHERS among the Dènè Hareskins in the extreme north of America recognise four classes of 'Shadow' or magic. Their categories apply sufficiently closely to all savage sorcery (excluding sympathetic magic), as far as it has been observed. We have, among the Hareskins,

1. Beneficent magic, used for the healing of the sick.

2. Malevolent magic: the black art of witchcraft.

3. Conjuring, or the working of merely sportive miracles.

4. Magic for ascertaining the truth about the future or the distant present—clairvoyance. This is called 'The Young Man Bound and Bounding,' from the widely-spread habit of tying up the limbs of the medium, and from his customary convulsions.

To all of these forms of magic, or Spiritualism, the presence and aid of 'spirits' is believed to be necessary, with, perhaps, the exception of the sportive or conjuring class. A spirit helps to cure and helps to kill. The spirit of the clairvoyant in bondage meets other spirits in its wanderings. Anthropologists, who take it for granted that 'spirits' are a mere 'animistic hypothesis'—their appearances being counterfeited by imposture—have paid little attention to the practical magic of savages, as far as it is not merely sympathetic, and based on the doctrine that 'like cures like.'

Thus Mr. Sproat, in his excellent work, Scenes and Studies of Savage Life, frankly admits that in Vancouver Island the trickery and hocus-pocus of Aht sorcery were so repugnant to him that he could not occupy himself with the topic. Some other travellers have been more inquisitive; unlettered sojourners among the wilder peoples have shared their superstitions, and consulted their oracles, while one or two of the old Jesuit missionaries were close and puzzled observers of their mediumship.

Thus enough is known to show that savage Spiritualism wonderfully resembles, even in minute details, that of modern mediums and séances, while both have the most striking parallels in the old classical thaumaturgy.

This uniformity, to a certain extent, is not surprising, for savage, classical, and modern Spiritualism all repose on the primæval animistic hypothesis as their metaphysical foundation. The origin of the hypothesis—namely, that disembodied intelligences exist and are active—is explained by anthropologists as the result of early reasonings on life, death, sleep, dreams, trances, shadows, the phenomena of epilepsy, and the illusions of starvation. This scientific theory is, in itself, unimpeachable; normal phenomena, psychological and physical, might suggest most of the animistic beliefs.

At the same time 'veridical hallucinations,' if there are any, and clairvoyance, if there is such a thing, would do much to originate and confirm the animistic opinions. Meanwhile, the extraordinary similarity of savage and classical spiritualistic rites, with the corresponding similarity of alleged modern phenomena, raises problems which it is more easy to state than to solve. For example, such occurrences as 'rappings,' as the movement of untouched objects, as the lights of the séance room, are all easily feigned. But that ignorant modern knaves should feign precisely the same raps, lights, and movements as the most remote and unsophisticated barbarians, and as the educated Platonists of the fourth century after Christ, and that all the other phenomena should be identical in each case, is certainly noteworthy. This kind of folk-lore is the most persistent, the most apt to revive, and the most uniform. We have to decide between the theories of independent invention, of transmission, borrowing, and secular tradition, and of a substratum of actual fact.

Thus, either the rite of binding the sorcerer was invented, for no obvious reason, in a given place, and thence reached the Australian blacks, the Eskimo, the Dènè Hareskins, the Davenport Brothers, and the Neo-Platonists; or it was independently evolved in each of several remote regions; or it was found to have some actual effect—what we cannot guess—on persons entranced. We are hampered by not knowing, in our comparatively rational state of development, what strange things it is natural for a savage to invent. That spirits should knock and rap seems to us about as improbable an idea as could well occur to the fancy.

Were we inventing a form for a spirit's manifestations to take, we never should invent that. But what a savage might think an appropriate invention we do not know. Meanwhile we have the mediæval and later tales of rapping, some of which, to be frank, have never been satisfactorily accounted for on any theory. But, on the other hand, each of us might readily invent another common 'manifestation'—the wind which is said to accompany the spirit.

The very word spiritus suggests air in motion, and the very idea of abnormal power suggests the trembling and shaking of the place wherein it is present. Yet, on the other side, the 'cold non-natural wind' of séances, of Swedenborg, and of a hundred stories, old or new, is undeniably felt by some sceptical observers, even on occasions where no professional charlatan is engaged. As for the trembling and shaking of the house or hut, where the spirit is alleged to be, we shall examine some curious evidence, ancient and modern, savage and civilised. So of the other phenomena. Some seem to be of easy natural invention, others not so; and, in the latter case, independent evolution of an idea not obvious is a difficult hypothesis, while transmission from the Pole to Australia, though conceivable, is apt to give rise to doubt.

Meanwhile, one phenomenon, which is usually said to accompany others much more startling, may now be said to have won acceptance from science. This is what the Dènè Hareskins call the Sleep of the Shadow, the Magical Sleep; that is, the hypnotic trance. Savages are well acquainted with this abnormal condition, and with means of producing it, and it is at the bottom of all their more mysterious non-sympathetic magic. Mesmer, and even till within the last thirty years, this phenomenon, too, would have been scouted; now it is a commonplace of physiology. For such physical symptoms as introverted eyes and rigidity in seers we need look no further than Martin's account of the second-sighted men, in his book on the Hebrides. The phenomenon of anæsthesia, insensibility to pain, in trance, is not unfamiliar to science, but that red-hot coals should not burn a seer or medium is, perhaps, less easily accepted; while science, naturally, does not recognise the clairvoyance, and still less the 'spiritual' attendants of the seer in the Sleep of the Shadow. Nevertheless, classical, modern, and savage Spiritualists are agreed in reporting these last and most startling phenomena of the magic slumber in certain cases.

Beginning with what may be admitted as possible, we find that the Dènè Hareskins practise a form of healing under hypnotic or mesmeric treatment. (Petitot, Traditions Indiennes du Canada Nord-Ouest, p. 434.) The physician (who is to be pitied) begins by a three days' fast. Then a 'magic lodge,' afterwards to be described, is built for him in the forest. Here he falls into the Sleep of the Shadow; the patient is then brought before him. In the lodge, the patient confesses his sins to his doctor, and when that ghostly friend has heard all, he sings and plays the tambour, invoking the spirit to descend on the sick The singing of barbarous songs was part of classical Spiritualism; the Norse witch, in The Saga of Eric the Red, insisted on the song of Warlocks being chanted, which secured the attendance of 'many powerful spirits'; and modern Spiritualists enliven their dark and dismal programme by songs. Presently the Hareskin physician blows on the patient, and bids the malady quit him. He also makes 'passes' over the invalid till he produces trance: the spirit is supposed to assist. Then the spirit extracts the sin which caused the suffering, and the illness is cured, after the patient has been awakened by a loud cry. In all this affair of confession one is inclined to surmise a mixture of Catholic practice. imitated from the missionaries. It is also not, perhaps, impossible that hypnotic treatment may occasionally have been of some real service.

Turning to British Guiana, where, as elsewhere, hysterical and epileptic people make the best mediums, or 'Peay-men,' we are fortunate in finding an educated observer who submitted to be peaied. Mr. Im Thurn, in the interests of science, endured a savage form of cure for headache. The remedy was much worse than the disease. In a hammock in the dark, attended by a peayman armed with several bunches of green boughs, Mr. Im Thurn lay, under a vow not to touch whatever might touch him. The peay-men kept howling questions to the kenaimas, or spirits, who answered. 'It was a clever piece of ventriloquism and acting.'

'Every now and then, through the mad din, there was a sound, at first low and indistinct, and then gathering in volume, as if some big winged thing came from far towards the house, passed through the roof, and then settled heavily on the floor; and again, after an interval, as if the same winged thing rose and passed away as it had come,' while the air was sensibly stirred. A noise of lapping up some tobacco-water set out for the *kenaimas* was also heard. The rustling of wings, and the thud, 'were imitated, as I afterwards found, by skilfully shaking the leafy boughs, and then

¹ Among the Indians of Guiana, p. 336.

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dashing them suddenly against the ground.' Mr. Im Thurn bit one of the boughs which came close to his face, and caught leaves in his teeth. As a rule he lay in a condition scarcely conscious. 'It seems to me that my spirit was as nearly separated from my body as is possible in any circumstances short of death. Thus it appears that the efforts of the peay-man were directed partly to the separation of his own spirit from his body, and partly to the separation of the spirit from the body of his patient, and that in this way spirit holds communion with spirit.' But Mr. Im Thurn's headache was not alleviated! The whirring noise occurs in the case of the Cock Lane Ghost (1762), in some 'haunted houses,' and is reported by a modern lady spiritualist in a book which provokes sceptical comments. Now, had the peay tradition reached Cock Lane, or was the peay-man counterfeiting, very

cleverly, some real phenomenon?

We may next examine cases in which, the savage medium being entranced, spirits come to him and answer questions. Australia is so remote, and it is so unlikely that European or American Spiritualists suggested their ideas to the older blacks (for mediumship seems to be nearly extinct since the settling of the country), that any transmission of such notions to the Black Fellows must be very ancient. Our authorities are Mr. Brough Smyth. in Aborigines of Australia (i. 472), and Messrs. Ridley and Fison in Kamilaroi and Kurnai, who tell just the same tale. The spirits in Victoria are called Mrarts, and are understood to be the souls of Black Fellows dead and gone, not demons unattached. The mediums, now very scarce, are Birraarks. They were consulted as to things present and future. The Birraark leaves the camp, the fire is kept low, and some one 'cooees' at intervals. 'Then a noise is heard. The narrator here struck a book against the table several times to describe it.' This, of course, is 'spiritrapping.' The knocks have a home among the least cultivated savages, as well as in mediæval and modern Europe. whistles are audible, a phenomenon lavishly illustrated in certain séances held at Rio Janeiro (Proc. S. P. R. xix. 180), where children were mediums. The spiritual whistle is familiar to Glanvil and to Homer. Mr. Wesley, at Epworth (1716), noted it among all the other phenomena. The Mrarts are next heard 'jumping down,' like the kenaimas. Questions are put to them, and they answer. They decline, very naturally, to approach a bright fire. The medium (Birraark) is found entranced, either on the ground where the Mrarts have been talking, or at the top of a tree, very difficult to climb, 'and up which there are no marks of anyone having climbed.' The blacks, of course, are peculiarly skilled in detecting such marks. In maleficent magic, as among the Dènè Hareskins, the Australian sorcerer is tied up, 'his head, body, and limbs wound round with stringy bark cords.' (Brough Smyth, i. 475.) The enchantment is believed to drag the victim, in a trance, towards the sorcerer. This binding is customary among the Eskimo, and, as Mr. Myers has noted, was used in the rites described by the Oracles in 'trance utterances,' which Porphyry collected in the fourth century. Whether the binding was thought to restrain the convulsions of the mediums, or whether it was, originally, a 'test condition,' to prevent the medium from cheating (as in modern experiments), we cannot discover. It does not appear to be in use among the Maoris, whose speciality is 'trance utterance.'

A very picturesque description of a Maori séance is given in Old New Zealand. The story loses greatly by being condensed. A very popular and accomplished young chief had died, in battle, and his friends asked the Tohunga, or medium, to call him back. The chief was able to read and write; he had kept a journal of remarkable events, and that journal, though 'unceasingly searched for,' had disappeared. This was exactly a case for a test, and that which was given would have been good enough for Spiritualists, though not for more reasonable human beings. In the village hall, in flickering firelight, the friends, with the English observer, the 'Pakeha Maori,' were collected. medium, by way of a 'cabinet,' selected the darkest corner. The fire burned down to a red glow. Suddenly the spirit spoke, 'Salutation to my tribe,' and the chief's sister, a beautiful girl. rushed, with open arms, into the darkness; she was seized and The gloom, the tears, the sorrow, nearly overcame the incredulity of the Englishman, as the Voice came, 'a strange melancholy sound, like the sound of a wind blowing into a hollow vessel.' 'It is well with me,' it said; 'my place is a good place.' They asked of their dead friends; the hollow answers replied, and the Englishman 'felt a strange swelling of the chest.' The Voice spoke again: 'Give my large pig to the priest,' and the sceptic was disenchanted. He now thought of the test. "" We cannot find your book," I said; "where have you concealed it?" The answer immediately came, "Between the tahuhu of my house and the thatch, straight over you as you go into the door."' Here the

Auckland, 1863, ch. x.

brother rushed out. 'In five minutes he came back, with the book in his hand.' After one or two more remarks the Voice came, "Farewell!" from deep beneath the ground. "Farewell!" again, from high in air. "Farewell!" once more came moaning through the distant darkness of the night. The deception was perfect. "A ventriloquist," said I, "or—or, perhaps the devil." The séance had an ill end: the chief's sister shot herself.

This was decidedly a well-got-up affair for a country place. The Maori oracles are precisely like those of Delphi. In one case a chief was absent, was inquired for, and the Voice came, 'He will return, vet not return.' Six months later the chief's friends went to implore him to come home. They brought him back a corpse; they had found him dying, and carried away the body. In another case, when the Maori oracle was consulted as to the issue of a proposed war, it said, 'A desolate country, a desolate country, a desolate country!' The chiefs, of course, thought the other country was meant, but they were deceived, as Crossus was by Delphi, when he was told that he 'would ruin a great empire.' In vet another case, the Maoris were anxious for the spirits to bring back a European ship, on which a girl had fled with the captain. The Pakeha Maori was present at this séance, and heard the 'hollow, mysterious whistling Voice, "The ship's nose I will batter out on the great sea."' Even the priest was puzzled; this, he said, was clearly a deceitful spirit, or atua, like those of which Porphyry complains, like most of them in fact. But, ten days later, the ship came back to port; she had met a gale, and sprang a leak in the bow, called, in Maori, 'the nose' (ihu). It is hardly surprising that some Europeans used to consult the oracle.

Possibly some Spiritualists may take comfort in these anecdotes, and allege that the Maori mediums were 'very powerful.' This is said to have been the view taken by some American believers, in a very curious case, reported by Kohl, but the tale, as he tells it, cannot possibly be accurate. However, it illustrates and strangely coincides with some stories related by the Jesuit, Père Lejeune, in the Canadian Mission, about 1637. The instances bear both on clairvoyance and on the force which is said to shake houses as well as to lift tables, in the legends of the modern thaumaturgists. We shall take Kohl's tale before those of the old Jesuit. Kohl first describes the 'Medicine Lodge,' already alluded to in the account of Dènè Hareskin magic.

The 'lodge' answers to what Spiritualists call 'the cabinet,'

usually a place curtained off in modern practice. Behind this the medium now gets up his 'materialisations,' and other cheap mysteries. The classical performers of the fourth century also knew the advantage of a close place,1 'where the power would not be scattered.' This idea is very natural, granting the 'power.' The modern Oiibway 'close place,' or lodge, like those seen by old Jesuit fathers, 'is composed of stout posts, connected with basket-work, and covered with birch bark. It is tall and narrow, and resembles a chimney. It is very firmly built, and two men, even if exerting their utmost strength, would be unable to move. shake, or bend it.2 On this topic Kohl received information from a gentleman who 'knew the Indians well, and was even related to them through his wife.' He, and many other white people, saw a Jossakeed, or medium, crawl into such a lodge as Kohl describes, beating his tambour. 'The entire case began gradually trembling, shaking, and oscillating slowly amidst great noise. . . . It bent back and forwards, up and down, like the mast of a vessel in a storm. I could not understand how those movements could be produced by a man inside, as we could not have caused them from the exterior.' Two voices, 'both entirely different,' were then heard within, 'Some Spiritualists' (here is the weakest part of the story) 'who were present explained it through modern Spiritualism.' Now this was not later than 1859, when Kohl's book appeared in English, and modern Spiritualism, as a sect of philosophers, was not born till 1848, so that, thirty years before 1859, in 1829, there were no modern Spiritualists. This, then, is absurd. However, the tale goes on, and Kohl's informant says that he knew the Jossakeed, or medium, who had become a Christian. On his deathbed the white man asked him how it was done: 'now is the time to confess all truthfully.' The converted one admitted the premisses—he was dying, a Christian man—but, 'Believe me, I did not deceive you at that time. I did not move the lodge. It was shaken by the power of the spirits. I could see a great distance round me, and believed I could recognise the most distant objects.' This 'with an expression of simple truth.' It is interesting, but the interval of thirty years is a naked impossibility. In 1829 there were queer doings in America. Smith's Mormons 'spoke with tongues,' like Irving's congregation at the same time, but there were no modern Spiritualists. Kohl's informant should have said 'ten years ago,' if he wanted

¹ ἔν τινι στερέφ χωρίφ, ὥστε μὴ ἐπιπολύ διαχεῖσθαι.—Iamblichus, De Mysteriis.
² Kohl, Kitchi Gami, p. 278.

his anecdote to be credited, and it is curious that Kohl did not notice this circumstance.

We now come to the certainly honest evidence of the Père Lejeune, the Jesuit missionary. In the Relations de la Nouvelle France (1634), Lejeune discusses the sorcerers, who, as rival priests, gave him great trouble. He describes the Medicine Lodge just as Kohl does. The fire is put out, of course, the sorcerer enters, the lodge shakes, voices are heard in Montagnais and Algonkin, and the father thought it all a clumsy imposture. The sorcerer, in a very sportsmanlike way, asked him to go in himself and try what he could make of it. 'You'll find that your body remains below and your soul mounts aloft.' The cautious father, reflecting that there were no white witnesses, declined to make the experiment. This lodge was larger than those which Kohl saw, and would have held half a dozen men. This was in 1634; by 1637 Père Lejeune began to doubt whether his theory that the lodge was shaken by the juggler would hold water. Two Indians—one of them a sorcerer, Pigarouich, 'me descouvrant avec grande sincerité toutes ses malices'-'making a clean breast of his tricks'-vowed that they did not shake the lodge-that a great wind entered fort promptement et rudement, and they added that the 'tabernacle' (as Lejeune very injudiciously calls the Medicine Lodge) 'is sometimes so strong that a single man can hardly stir it.' The sorcerer was a small weak man. Lejeune himself noted the strength of the structure, and saw it move with a violence which he did not think a man could have communicated to it, especially not for such a length of time. He was assured by many (Indian) witnesses that the tabernacle was sometimes laid level with the ground, and that the sorcerer's arms and legs might be seen projecting outside, while the lodge staggered about-nay, more, the lodge would rock and sway after the juggler had left it. As usual, there was a savage, Auiskuouaskousit, who had seen a juggler rise in air out of the structure, while others, looking in, saw that he was absent. St. Theresa had done equal marvels, but this does not occur to the good father.

The savage with the long name was a Christian catechumen, and yet he stuck to it that he had seen a sorcerer disappear before his very eyes, like the second-sighted Highlanders in Kirk's Secret Commonwealth (1691). 'His neibours often perceaved this man to disappear at a certane place, and about one hour after to become visible.' It would be more satisfactory if

the father had seen these things himself, like Mrs. Newton Crosland, who informs the world that, when with Robert Chambers and other persons of sanity, she felt a whole house violently shaken. trembling, and thrilling in the presence of a medium - not a professional, but a young lady amateur. Here, of course, we greatly desire the evidence of Robert Chambers. Spirits came to Swedenborg with a wind, but it was only strong enough to flutter papers: 'the cause of which,' as he remarks with naïveté, 'I do not vet understand.' If Swedenborg had gone into a Medicine Lodge, no doubt, in that 'close place,' the phenomena would have been very much more remarkable. In 1853 Père Arnaud visited the Nasquapees, and describes a séance. 'The conjurers shut themselves up in a little lodge, and remain for a few minutes in a pensive attitude, cross-legged. Soon the lodge begins to move like a table turning, and replies by bounds and jumps to the questions which are put by the conjurer.' The experiment might be tried with a modern medium.

Father Lejeune, in 1637, gives a case which reminds us of According to Home, and to Mr. Crookes, and other witnesses, when 'in power' he could handle live coals without being burned. Once he actually placed a large glowing coal, about the size of a cricket-ball, on the pate of Mr. S. C. Hall, where it shone redly through Mr. Hall's white locks, but did him no manner of harm. Now Father Pijart was present, tesmoin oculaire, when a Huron medicine-man heated a stone red-hot, put it in his mouth, and ran round the cabin with it, without receiving any harm. Father Brébœuf, afterwards a most heroic martyr. sent the stone to Father Lejeune; it bore the marks of the medicine-man's teeth, though Father Pijart, examining the man. found that lips and tongue had no trace of burn or blister. He reasonably concluded that these things could not be done 'sans l'opération de quelque Démon.' That an excited patient should not feel fire is, perhaps, admissible, but that it should not scorch either Mr. Hall, or Home, or the Huron, is a large demand on our credulity. Still, the evidence in this case is much better than usual.

As to clairvoyance among savages, the subject is comparatively familiar. Montezuma's priests predicted the arrival of the Spaniards long before the event. On this point, in itself well vouched for, Acosta tells a story which illustrates the identity of the 'astral body,' or double, with the ordinary body. In the

¹ Hyndman's Explorations of Labrador, ii. 102.

witch stories of Increase Mather and others, where the possessed sees the phantasm of the witch, and strikes it, the actual witch proves to be injured. Story leads to story, and Mr. Thomas Hardy somewhere tells one to this effect. A farmer's wife, a woman of some education, fell asleep in the afternoon, and dreamed that a neighbour of hers, a woman, was sitting on her chest. She caught at the figure's arm in her dream, and woke. Later in the day she met her neighbour, who complained of a pain in the arm, just where the farmer's wife seized it in her dream. The place mortified and the poor woman died. To return to Montezuma. An honest labourer was brought before him, who made this very tough statement. He had been carried by an eagle into a cave. where he saw a man in splendid dress sleeping heavily. Beside him stood a burning stick of incense, such as the Aztecs used. A voice announced that this sleeper was Montezuma, prophesied his doom, and bade the labourer burn the slumberer's face with the flaming incense stick. The labourer reluctantly applied the flame to the royal nose, 'but he moved not, nor showed any feeling.' On this anecdote being related to Montezuma, he looked on his own face in a mirror, and 'found that he was burned, the which he had not felt till then.' 1

On the Coppermine River the medicine-man, according to Hearne, prophesies of travellers, like the Highland second-sighted man, ere they appear. The Finns and Lapps boast of similar powers. Strahlenberg is copious on the clairvoyant feats of Lapps in trance. The Eskimo Angakut, when bound with their heads between their legs, cause luminous apparitions, just as was done by Mr. Stainton Moses, and by the mediums known to Porphyry and Iamblichus: the Angakut also send their souls on voyages, and behold distant lands. One of the oddest Angekok stories in Rink's Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo (p. 324) tells how some children played at magic, making 'a dark cabinet,' by hanging jackets over the door, to exclude the light. 'The slabs of the floor were lifted and rushed after them,' a case of 'movement of objects without physical contact.' This phenomenon in future attended the young medium's possessions, even when he was away This particular kind of manifestation, so very common in trials for witchcraft, and in modern spiritualistic literature, does not appear to prevail much among savages. Persons otherwise credible and sane tell the authorities of the

¹ The Natural and Morall Eistory of the East and West Indics, p. 566. London, 1604.

Psychical Society that, with only three amateurs present, things are thrown about, and objects are brought from places many miles distant, and tossed on the table. These are technically termed apports. The writer knows a case in which this was attested by a witness of the most unimpeachable character. But savages hardly go so far. Bishop Callaway has a case in which 'spirits' tossed objects into the midst of a Zulu circle, but such instances are not usual. Savages also set out food for the dead, but they scarcely attain to the credulity, or are granted the experience, of a writer in The Medium, 1 This astonishing person knew a familiar spirit. At dinner, one day, an empty chair began to move, 'and in answer to the question whether it would have some dinner, said "Yes." It chose croquets de pomme de terre, which were placed on the chair in a spoon, lest the spirit, whose manners were rustic, should break a plate. 'In a few seconds I was told that it was eaten, and looking, found the half of it gone, with the marks showing the teeth.' Probably few savages would have told such a tale to a journal which ought to have a large circulation-among the Marines.

The examples of savage Spiritualism which have been adduced might probably receive many additions; those are but gleanings from a large field carelessly harvested. The phenomena have been but casually studied; the civilised mind is apt to see, in savage séances, nothing but noisy buffoonery. We have shown that there is a more serious belief involved, and we have adduced cases in which white men were not unconscious of the barbarian spell. It also appears that the now recognised phenomena of hypnotism are the basis of the more serious savage magic. production of hypnotic trances, perhaps of hypnotic hallucination, is a piece of knowledge which savages possessed (as they were acquainted with quinine), while European physicians and philosophers ignored and laughed at it. Tobacco and quinine were more acceptable gifts from the barbarian. His magic has now and then been examined by a competent anthropologist, like M. Im Thurn, and Castren closely observed the proceedings of the bound and bounding Shamans among the Samoyeds. But we need the evidence both of anthropologists and of adepts in conjuring. They might detect some of the tricks, though Mr. Kellar, a professional conjurer and exposer of spiritualistic imposture, has been fairly baffled by Zulus and Hindus, while educated Americans are puzzled by the Pawnees. Mr. Kellar's plan of dis-

¹ Feb. 9, 1872. Quoted by Mr. Tylor, in Primitive Culture, ii. 39, 1873.

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playing a few of his own tricks was excellent; the dusky professionals were stimulated to show theirs, which, as described, were miracles. The Pakeha Maori, already quoted, saw a Maori Tohunga perform 'a very good miracle as times go,' but he does not give any particulars. The late Mr. Davey, who started as a Spiritualist catechumen, managed, by conjuring, to produce answers to questions on a locked slate, which is as near a miracle as anything. But Mr. Davey simply swopped slates! He is dead, and it is improbable that Mr. Maskelvne will enrich his répertoire by travelling among Zulus, Hindus, and Pawnees. savages cease to be savage, our opportunities of learning their mystic lore must decrease. The only writer who has examined the topic at all seriously, Mr. Tylor, declines to discuss the authenticity of prodigies common to the lowest and the most advanced races. For Mr. Tylor it is enough that the dirtiest Australian Black Fellow, the Huron, the Samoyed, agree with Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace in holding the animistic hypothesis, in believing that spirits are at the bottom of it all. On the other hand, De Morgan, allowing that there might be, say, half a million natural forces of which he was ignorant, held that the spiritual hypothesis was a working hypothesis, that it, better than any other, 'colligated' the facts. He observed 'some sort of action of some combination of will, intellect, and physical power which is not that of any of the human beings present.' He adds, 'No very deep research made it apparent that every one of the phenomena—I believe literally every one—was as old as history.' It is, of course, to be observed that all-literally all-the phenomena are reported on every hand as having occurred, not only where 'witches' were involved, or where suspicious characters, Birraarks and Jossakeeds and mediums, were engaged, but sporadically and spontaneously. It is here that Glanvil's, Bovet's, Wesley's, Baxter's, Henry More's, Robert Boyle's stories, and the innumerable others in Old French and German literature and legal records, come in so curiously. The contemporary records of to-day exist in hundreds, and, by the witnesses are explained. as of old, on the animistic hypothesis, or are left unexplained. The hypothesis is so natural to mankind, that Kirk accounts for the doings of 'Noctambulos' by the theory that they are guided by 'a joquing spirit,' for which we now substitute the Unconscious Self. That useful personage is very hard-worked, but he deserved more recognition than he used to enjoy. His freaks are certainly at the bottom of many mysteries, possibly of all the legends which

are not easily explained as swindles. In one sense it is not to be regretted that 'mediums' have nearly died out, under the fire of constant exposure. An Italian peasant-woman seems to be alone in her profession. But it is to be regretted that the notorious Home was not more closely and scientifically tested. His feat of floating high in the air round the corner of a house was not attested by such a person as our friend Auiskuouaskousit, but by three gentlemen of probity, education, and good social position, while Mr. Hamilton Aïdé and M. Alphonse Karr saw a heavy table, in a brilliantly lighted room, raise itself several feet off the floor, when Home was present, and when the table was touched by nobody. This has better evidence than the story that Home was once caught daubing phosphorus on a wall; but everyone believes that unsupported story, few believe those which have evidence.

To one point in this research the notice of students in folklore may be specially directed. In the attempt to account for the diffusion of popular tales, such as Cinderella, we are told to observe that the countries most closely adjacent to each other have the most closely similar variants of the story. This is true, as a rule; but it is also true that, while Scandinavian regions have a form of Cinderella with certain peculiarities not shared by Southern Europe, those crop up sporadically, far away, among Kaffirs and the Indian 'aboriginal' tribe of Santhals. The same phenomenon of diffusion occurs when we find savage mediums tied up in their trances, all over the North, among Canadian Hareskins, among Samoyed and Eskimo, while the practice ceases at a given point in Labrador, and gives place to Medicine Lodges. The binding then reappears in Ausstralia, and in the ancient Greek spiritualistic ceremonial. writer is not acquainted with 'the bound and bounding young man' in the intervening regions, and it would be very interesting to find connecting cases, stepping stones, as it were, by which the rite passed from the Australian continent to the Levant and the frozen North. If no such stepping stones can be discovered, say in Africa and Southern Asia, the hypothesis that the practice has been invented in one place, and thence transmitted, will suffer some discredit.

A Day after Crawfish.

THERE are certain days of one's boyhood which have made so deep an impression that they seem to stand out like mountain peaks in the misty plains of the memory, clear and distinct against the sky-line, when all else is dim and hazy and distorted by distance. One of these landmarks in the early life of the writer is a certain day, long years ago—though the recollection of every detail of it is as green as though it all happened but yesterday-when, in company with two or three kindred spirits, he made his first grand expedition after crawfish. It was summer -the summer holidays: holidays long looked forward to as to be among the most delightful that ever boy spent; for they were to be passed in Mourino, the paradise of our youthful imaginations, where the long Russian days were not half long enough for the multitude of delights to be crammed into each, there being 'more to do' at Mourino, as we always thought, than anywhere in England, seaside or otherwise. As a matter of fact, the northern haven of our schoolboy desires was the very place for boys home from an English public school, and fond of healthy outdoor pursuits and recreations. There was a river at the bottom of the garden in which fish of many kinds might be lured to their doom; there was shooting, in a mild way; there was riding ad lib., if galloping about the country on the spiky backs of the little Finn ponies of the place can be dignified by that name; there was boating, of course, and canoeing, at our very doors, as well as the usual English games which the true Briton takes with him however far afield he may roam. No wonder then that Mourino was the place in which we preferred, par excellence, to pass our summer holidays; for, as I say, the days were not long enough to contain all the joys to be crammed into them.

There were crawfish to be had at the bottom of the garden, but these were neither sufficiently large nor sufficiently numerous to tempt us to engage very frequently in their capture. When we wanted crawfish of a size to do their captors credit, we knew well enough where to go for them, just as well as the giant crawfish themselves knew which part of the river suited them best as their headquarters. It was, however, some little distance to the favourite haunt of the monsters, a matter of ten miles or so; a journey not to be undertaken lightly over the unspeakable roads of the neighbourhood, so that we did not very often disturb the scaly warriors in the cool depths of their chosen pleasure-grounds: when we did organise an excursion, therefore, in their honour we fully intended to 'do the thing in style,' and to create some considerable gaps among the ranks of their best and mightiest. This, then, was to be a day devoted to the capture of big crawfish at Sairki. Preparations were made over-night in order that no time should be wasted on the morrow; the usual miscalculation was made as to the number of sandwiches required-food sufficient for an entire regiment was invariably provided for us, yet I cannot recall that we ever brought any back. The stock-in-trade of the complete crawfisher, a strong hand-net and a pound or two of slightly high meat, was in readiness for each of us; our pike rods and tackle were seen to; the most particular instructions were issued as to our awakening as soon as daylight should appear; the vehicles, or rather their peasant owners, were hunted up for the hundredth and last time and warned, with all solemnity, as to the awful consequences that unpunctuality would bring down upon their heads, and then we all four went to bed and wished for day.

When morning came things were propitious. Two telyegi stood awaiting our pleasure at the door, each with its pair of small Finn ponies ready harnessed and impatiently whisking away the horseflies with their long tails. The telyegi, I may explain, are springless carts upon four wheels. They are provided with socalled 'cushions,' which consist of a square bag of sacking with a certain amount of hay inside it. The sensations of the traveller who has once been bumped about in a telyega over Russian roads are memorable-indeed, I have spent the rest of my days since my boyhood in wondering how in the world I managed to remain 'all in one piece' throughout the awful joltings to which my body was submitted during those telyega days. Has the reader ever seen a Russian country road? It is not a road at all, as we are accustomed to understand the term, but a mere succession of deep and wide holes worn in the natural sandy soil. The Finn ponies think nothing of such trifling drawbacks, however, and pursue their headlong course without regard to the feelings of the

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evil-entreated passengers behind them. I believe they experience a keen delight in thus 'taking it out' of those who weary their flesh by causing them to drag a heavy load at breakneck speed through all the heat and dust and breathlessness of a Russian summer day. The pair are harnessed in an original manner; one, the better trotter of the two, is between shafts, while his companion canters alongside, attached, in a happy-go-lucky way, to the vehicle by means of a couple of loose ropes, but otherwise free to do pretty much as he pleases, consequently he is sometimes close enough to his comrade to make that animal, if irritably inclined, put back its ears and snap at him as a gentle reminder that he is taking liberties, and sometimes a yard or two away, frisking over puddles or shying all over the road on his own account. When a pit of more than the average depth is encountered, both horses will jump it in preference to running down to the bottom and up again, and at such a moment the fate of the passenger in the cart behind is melancholy. He is tossed up into the air for all the world like a spun coin, sharing also the uncertain destiny of that coin as to the manner of his descentwhether 'heads or tails.' It must not be for one moment supposed that we, in the exuberance of our happiness, and in the allaccepting, unquestioning, all-enjoying spirit of the British schoolboy, cared a farthing for the depth or width of the very vilest hole that time and horseshoes ever wore in a Russian road; on the contrary, we loved the sensation of being sent flying up into the air every other minute, and if we came down upon the top of one another or of the luckless driver on his hard box-seat, or even into the six-inch dust of the road in the rear of the telyega, why, I believe we liked it all the better. As everyone knows, a special Providence watches over drunken men and schoolboys, and I have often reflected that we must have caused our particular bodyguard a terrible amount of anxiety, and kept it very hard at work during these wild telyega drives of ours at Mourino, for we were racing, most of the time, with the wheels of the two carts interlaced, the horses-all four of them-galloping ventre à terre, and the demented Russian drivers—quite as far gone in lunacy as our British selves-shouting at the top of their voices and bumping about half in air and half in cart, like a couple of demon Jehus let loose for the occasion, and for our especial and particularly complete destruction; and yet I cannot remember that anyone was ever hurt! Truly that special Providence of ours was well up to its arduous duties, and performed them admirably.

Sairki was reached at last, and the horses put up at the village. As for us, we unpacked the carts before a group of admiring Finnish children: for Sairki, like many a score of other villages within twenty miles of the Tsar's capital, is inhabited exclusively by Finns, who cannot speak a word of Russian. Hand-nets and rods were got out; the crawfish meat was produced (extremely unsavoury by this time, owing to the intense heat of the day, but all the better for that from the point of view of the crawfish, who likes his dinner to be attractive to his olfactory senses); huge fishing-baskets were strapped upon our shoulders, containing our food at present, but to be used for another purpose soon, and away we headed for the riverside. The Ochta is a tributary of the Neva, into which it flows close to St. Petersburg-a pretty little river as one would wish to see, if he cares for the sort of scenery that Ruysdael loved to depict. Down by the river there grew countless clusters of leafy young birches and aspens, and to these our attention was first directed, for from them we must draw one of the essential items of our stock-in-trade. Provided with large knives as we were, we soon possessed ourselves of the necessary number of long sticks, about a dozen each, and stripped the leaves off to the end. In order to explain the exact object of these sticks, I will now, with the reader's permission, make him acquainted with the modus operandi of the scientific crawfisher. I have said already that a lump of meat is required. This is cut into small sections of about an inch and a half square, one of which is firmly tied to the end of each stick with a piece of string or 'machalka,' the birch-bark ribbon known to gardeners. This is the nastiest part of the proceedings, and it is better to get it done for you if you can. The preliminaries being thus completed, the next thing is to take the twelve baited sticks one by one and place them in the water, the meat downwards and resting on the bottom, while the top end of the stick is allowed to project a foot or so above the surface and to rest against the bank. The sticks must not be placed too close to one another. The proper distance is about ten yards between each. It will be remarked by the intelligent reader that the crawfisher thus requires a considerable portion of the stream to himself, for no two sportsmen can find scope for their energies within a hundred and fifty yards or so; while a party of four or five will occupy the best part of half-a-mile of bank. When the sticks are all placed scientifically, according to the fisher's knowledge of the spots likely to be favoured of crawfish, the sportsman

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must possess his soul in patience for a quarter of an hour at least, in order to give time to the gentlemen of the claws to realise the good fortune that has come their way in the shape of a lump of meat, dropped apparently from the skies. After the interval required, the hand-net is taken and the sticks are visited one by one. Now comes the moment when the skill and science of the performer is put to the test. The water is not very clear. It is not muddy, but the colour is dark—a brownish tint—caused, as we always believed, by the quantities of iron in it, so that we cannot see to the bottom or near it. Hence, the first part of the proceedings must be done in faith and hope, and with an extremity of caution and lightness of hand not attainable without considerable practice in the art of crawfishing. The stick is taken firmly in the left hand, while the right grasps the handle of the net. Then the stick is raised from the bottom, but so gradually and imperceptibly that the movement is, presumably, unnoticeable down below. The baited stick is thus slowly and carefully lifted inch by inch, until the lump of meat at the end of it is visible. If a crawfish is clinging on to the meat the stick is raised no higher, for the hand-net now comes into play. This latter instrument is brought cautiously up against the current, placed deftly underneath the clinging feaster, the stick and the net are raised together, and as the crawfish reaches the surface of the water, and at length realises that he had better quit this perambulating breakfast, he lets go, only to discover that he is too late and has been outwitted, and that his place henceforth is in the fishing-basket, or a watering-pot half full of water, until such time as he is taken out and boiled for the use of man. It is very simple, and were the crawfish not the most criminally greedy and careless creature in the world, he would never allow himself to be captured in so ridiculously elementary a way. But it is his nature to, and no amount of experience will teach him the foolishness of his conduct, for you may, if you please, catch and return to his element the self-same crawfish a dozen times in an afternoon. In a good place, the fisher may find two or three, or even more, of these hungry fellows clinging to the same piece of meat, and, if clever enough, may easily capture the lot at one swoop.

Such, in brief, is the *modus operandi* of the crawfisher. We all knew the way to do it, we of the Sairki party; and the tying on of the bait and the placing of the sticks were finished as quickly as these operations could be performed with a due regard to

efficiency, lots having decided the portion of bank to be worked by each of us. Then came the quarter of an hour during which it is the etiquette of the crawfisher to allow his prev to discover and to enjoy undisturbed the refreshments provided for him. I do not know whether schoolboys possess souls-presumably they are provided with a special schoolboy quality—but in any case we, at least, were entirely unable to possess those souls in patience, and that little quarter of an hour was spent by each of us upon his own portion of bank under a carking sense of grievance We felt that this was conceding too much to the crawfish. Personally, I passed my fifteen minutes at full length in the long grass, within a yard or two of the water, and any one but a schoolboy would have been glad enough of the opportunity to lie thus beneath the brilliant northern August sky upon a bed of wild flowers, which, if one chose to sit still and pick one specimen of each, would have filled his hands with a hundred delicate stems without the necessity to stretch beyond an easy arm-reach. I have never seen any place that equalled the country about Mourino for the wealth and variety of its wild flowers, or the luxuriance of the ground-berries in the woods-Arctic strawberry, bilberry, cranberry, raspberry, and a berry which I remember as making the most delicious bitter-sweet jam, called brousnika. As for the flowers, the anemone is the only representative of our familiar spring visitors, but the summer months are gorgeous with every blossom that our own English fields can boast, with few exceptions, besides lilies of the valley, linnæa borealis, a lovely little creeping plant with a tiny starry flower; 'star of Bethlehem,' and other varieties not often seen in this country.

But the longest and most vexatious wait must come to an end in its season, and at last the crawling minutes had sped by and we were at liberty to commence the business of the day. Oh, the delightful excitement of the first visit to each stick! How my heart beat, I remember, as I grasped the first of them, and with somewhat trembling fingers raised it cautiously a few inches towards the surface, peering the while into the dark brown depths to catch the earliest possible glimpse of the desired visitor. The water seemed extra dark in colour to-day, to spite one, and the stick had to be slowly lifted to within a foot or so of the keen eyes watching above it before the meat could be made out at the end of it. There it is at last—now then! Is that the claw of a crawfish sticking on to it, or not? It may be, but if so it is a tiny one. Carefully the hand-net is drawn towards the bait, up

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the stream, for otherwise the current bulges the network inside out, and deftly the string-prison is placed underneath the end of the stick—there! If it is a crawfish I have got him safe. Up comes stick, and up comes net with it to the surface—alas, no! It was but the split end of a piece of 'machalka,' and not the claw of a crawfish. Down goes the stick again to its place at the bottom of the stream, and away go I to the next one. Here a strong waggling at the end of it when it is raised from the bottom tells me that undoubtedly a guest is availing himself of my hospitality: caution must be observed—vea, caution must be doubly cautious. It is a big fellow by the feel, and he is still tugging away as I raise the stick with breathless care towards the surface. Now I can see the bait, or rather I can see the place where the meat may be supposed to be; but there is nothing to be seen but a dark mass which hides the bait from view. Now comes the tug of war. The current is rather strong, and the exertion of bringing the broom-handled net against it is considerable; but this is not a moment to think of obstacles. Down comes fate upon the thoughtless reveller; a turn of the wrist with the right, and a swift upward motion of the left arm, and anything there may chance to be busying itself at the baited end of the stick is my own. What do I see? A big crawfish? It is indeed a big crawfish, and with it a second and yet a third, true Sairki monsters. all three of them, seething and glistening in their dark brown armour at the bottom of the net, and laying hold angrily of each other wherever they can fasten a claw, as though each were reviling his companions for having brought him into this mess. They must be taken up carefully, one by one, and held by the back, else those cruel-looking claws will lay hold of one's fingers and inflict a pinch which will be a memorable circumstance for some little while. These three fellows, exactly like lobsters made in a smaller mould, so far as the unscientific eye can judge, are about six to seven inches in length from head to end of tail: one of them has one large claw and the other quite a miniature member, as though it had never emerged from its baby stage; the truth being that the warrior has lost one of his natural weapons, probably in a fight with a rival, and that a beneficent nature is providing him with a substitute as quickly as can be managed. If I place one of these creatures upon the ground, instead of in the watering-pot prepared for his reception, he will instantly set off backwards in the direction of the river. I have tried this at all distances from the water, placing a crawfish as far as several

hundred yards from his native element, and pointing him in the wrong direction; yet, in defiance of all obstacles, the poor fellow invariably turned and made straight for the point of the compass in which instinct told him lay the stream which was his home. And so was made the round of the sticks; one producing nothing, another one little one, a third four at once, and so on to the twelfth and last; the net results of the first round being seventeen crawfish of a fair average size. Then the proceedings began again, da capo. The sport generally improved up to about the fifth round, while the inhabitants of the stream were gradually becoming aware of the feast spread for them at easy distances all down the river. After the sixth round the numbers fell off again, until, eventually, a second portion of the bank had to be worked, the original lie having been exhausted. The largest haul that I ever made from one stick at one swoop was six crawfish, all good ones, and one of them a giant. We had agreed to put back the babies, the very tiniest, that is; though we invariably took a great number home with us which we did not intend to eat, in order to let them go at the bottom of the garden as a stock for our own portion of the river, and to afford us sport when they should have grown to more respectable dimensions. They always accommodated themselves to circumstances, and remained contentedly where they had been put in.

When we grew tired of capturing our crawfish in the orthodox manner we adopted another plan; this involved, first, the finding of a shallow place in which, when found, we waded about with a short stick in one hand and our nets in the other. When we caught sight of a crawfish wandering along or trying to hide the too expansive volume of his tail beneath a stone designed to conceal a junior member of the family only, all we had to do was to suddenly place the stick in front of his nose, at the same instant holding the net immediately behind him, when the simple creature would promptly commit suicide by running backwards

into prison.

Then there was trolling for pike in the quiet pools when we were weary of the crawfish. There were good pike to be had at Sairki, and their favourite food was spoons—so, at least, one would suppose from the voracity with which they endeavoured to devour those we offered for their destruction. Many an exciting half-hour was afforded us by the good-natured Sairki pike; they generally got away in the end, but always thoroughly entered into the fun of the thing and obliged us, while the game lasted, by

pretending to be doing their best to escape our unscientific attempts to bring them to book. Probably they could have rid themselves of the bait and us at any moment if they had been so disposed, but they were too good-natured. Now and then we

caught one, but very rarely.

And so the summer day would pass with its sport and its bathing and its incalculable sandwiches, until the brilliant sunshine began to wane and the time came to shoulder our nets and hoist our heavily loaded watering-pots and mount the hill to the village. As for our sticks, we hospitably left these in the water in order that the crawfish remaining in the neighbourhood might enjoy themselves to the full and learn to laugh at those of their fellows who were disposed to look with suspicion at bits of meat attached to the ends of sticks. They might now finish the food with absolute impunity, and would come to the feast at our next visit without a thought of danger.

A memorable ceremony was the counting of the victims up at the village. This was performed in the midst of a gaping and ejaculating crowd of Finnish children, a score or so of scantily dressed, fair-haired little maidens and their brothers, who expressed their delight with the outcome of our prowess in a ceaseless chatter of their own language, monosyllabic, but full of extremely expressive inflections. We put ourselves upon the best of terms with these little foreigners by letting loose a number of our scaly captives among their naked toes, a move which caused them to jump about and scream in the wildest delight. The distribution of a few copecks among them completed our popularity thus easily acquired. The Finns are a good-natured, inoffensive race, when properly treated; but proud and stolid and somewhat lazy, and withal dignified and extremely jealous of their personal independence. The commonest Finn peasant considers himself the equal of any other man. Destiny may have put the Tsar in a warmer corner than himself, perhaps, but that does not make the Tsar the better man of the two. 'The Tsar has a pair of legs exactly like my own,' a Finn peasant once remarked to the writer, and the saying sums up very concisely the attitude of this quiet but dignified member of the human family towards his fellow-men.

Six hundred and thirty-seven was the sum total of our day's netting, besides many others caught and put back: not a bad tally! It was sufficient to supply the whole of the British colony in Mourino, which is a good large one, with crawfish enough to last them for some time. These are most delicious eating, as

highly flavoured as the lobster, but much more tender and less stringy. A certain soup made of crawfish is declared by gourmets to be simply unequalled by any other decoction known under the name of potage.

And so, sped upon our way by the shouts of our admiring friends the little Finnish maids and urchins, we set forth once more to brave the perils and discomforts of the return journey. I know not what the unfortunate creatures in the watering-pots and the fishing-baskets may have thought of the bumpings and jars that marked our progress along that terrible road, but I do know that the day's wading and netting had not damped our spirits in any appreciable degree. The ponies, knowing that they were directed homewards, flew along like mad things; breakneck races were once again the order of the day, and once again did that special Providence preserve us from the destruction we courted. Swiftly, too swiftly for us, the miles were left behind, and the last rays of the setting sun had scarcely lighted up the green cupola of Mourino church when, with whips cracking, drivers shouting, dust flying in clouds, and six human bodies and 637 crawfish bumping about like peas on a drumhead, we raced up to the yard gates-and the day was over.

FRED. WHISHAW.

'The Man with the Cough.'

I AM a German by birth and descent. My name is Schmidt. But by education I am quite as much an Englishman as a 'Deutscher,' and by affection much more the former. My life has been spent pretty equally between the two countries, and I flatter myself I speak both languages without any foreign accent.

I count England my headquarters now: it is 'home' to me. But a few years ago I was resident in Germany, only going over to London now and then on business. I will not mention the town where I lived. It is unnecessary to do so, and in the peculiar experience I am about to relate I think real names of people and

places are just as well, or better, avoided.

I was connected with a large and important firm of engineers. I had been bred up to the profession, and was credited with a certain amount of talent; and I was considered—and, with all modesty, I think I deserved the opinion—steady and reliable, so that I had already attained a fair position in the house, and was looked upon as a 'rising man.' But I was still young, and not quite so wise as I thought myself. I came very near once to making a great mess of a certain affair. It is this story which I am going to tell.

Our house went in largely for patents—rather too largely, some thought. But the head partner's son was a bit of a genius in his way, and his father was growing old, and let Herr Wilhelm—Moritz we will call the family name—do pretty much as he chose. And on the whole Herr Wilhelm did well. He was cautious, and he had the benefit of the still greater caution and larger experience of Herr Gerhardt, the second partner in the firm.

Patents and the laws which regulate them are queer things to have to do with. No one who has not had personal experience of the complications that arise could believe how far these spread and how entangled they become. Great acuteness as well as

caution is called for if you would guide your patent bark safely to port—and perhaps more than anything, a power of holding your tongue. I was no chatterbox, nor, when on a mission of importance, did I go about looking as if I were bursting with secrets, which is, in my opinion, almost as dangerous as revealing them. No one, to meet me on the journeys which it often fell to my lot to undertake, would have guessed that I had anything on my mind but an easy-going young fellow's natural interest in his surroundings, though many a time I have stayed awake through a whole night of railway travel if at all doubtful about my fellow-passengers, or not dared to go to sleep in an hotel without a ready-loaded revolver by my pillow.

For now and then—though not through me—our secrets did ooze out. And if, as has happened, they were secrets connected with Government orders or contracts, there was, or, but for the exertion of the greatest energy and tact on the part of my superiors, there would have been, to put it plainly, the devil to pay.

One morning—it was nearing the end of November—I was sent for to Herr Wilhelm's private room. There I found him and Herr Gerhardt before a table spread with papers povered with figures and calculations, and sheets of beautifully executed diagrams.

'Lutz,' said Herr Wilhelm. He had known me from child-hood, and often called me by the abbreviation of my Christian name, which is Ludwig, or Louis. 'Lutz, we are going to confide to you a matter of extreme importance. You must be prepared to start for London to-morrow.'

'All right, sir,' I said. 'I shall be ready.'

'You will take the express through to Calais—on the whole it is the best route, especially at this season. By travelling all night you will catch the boat there, and arrive in London so as to have a good night's rest, and be clear-headed for work the next morning.'

I bowed agreement, but ventured to make a suggestion.

'If, as I infer, the matter is one of great importance,' I said, 'would it not be well for me to start sooner? I can—yes,' throwing a rapid survey over the work I had before me for the next two days—'I can be ready to-night.'

Herr Wilhelm looked at Herr Gerhardt. Herr Gerhardt shook his head.

'No,' he replied; 'to-morrow it must be,' and then he proceeded to explain to me why.

I need not attempt to give all the details of the matter with which I was entrusted. Indeed, to 'lay' readers it would be impossible. Suffice it to say, the whole concerned a patent—that of a very remarkable and wonderful invention, which it was hoped and believed the Governments of both countries would take up. But to secure this being done in a thoroughly satisfactory manner it was necessary that our firm should go about it in concert with an English house of first-rate standing. To this house—the firm of Messrs. Bluestone & Fagg I will call them—I was to be sent with full explanations. And the next half-hour or more passed in my superiors going minutely into the details, so as to satisfy themselves that I understood. The mastering of the whole was not difficult, for I was well grounded technically; and, like many of the best things, the idea was essentially simple, and the diagrams were perfect. When the explanations were over, and my instructions duly noted, I began to gather together the various sheets, which were all numbered. But, to my surprise, Herr Gerhardt, looking over me, withdrew two of the most important diagrams, without which the others were valueless, because inexplicable.

'Stay,' he said; 'these two, Ludwig, must be kept separate. These we send to-day, by registered post, direct to Bluestone & Fagg. They will receive them a day before they see you, and

with them a letter announcing your arrival.'

I looked up in some disappointment. I had known of precautions of the kind being taken, but usually when the *employé* sent was less reliable than I believed myself to be. Still, I

scarcely dared to demur.

'Do you think that necessary?' I said respectfully. 'I can assure you that from the moment you entrust me with the papers they shall never quit me, day or night. And if there were any postal delay—you say time is valuable in this case—or if the papers were stolen in the transit—such things have happened—

my whole mission would be worthless.'

'We do not doubt your zeal and discretion, my good Schmidt,' said Herr Gerhardt. 'But in this case we must take even extra precautions. I had not meant to tell you, fearing to add to the certain amount of nervousness and strain unavoidable in such a case, but still, perhaps it is best that you should know that we have reason for some special anxiety. It has been hinted to us that some breath of this'—and he tapped the papers—'has reached those who are always on the watch for such things We cannot be too careful.'

'And yet,' I persisted, 'you would trust the post?'

'We do not trust the post,' he replied. 'Even if these diagrams were tampered with, they would be perfectly useless. And tampered with they will not be. But even supposing anything so wild—the rogues in question knowing of your departure (and they are *more* likely to know of it than of our packet by post)—were they in collusion with some traitor in the post-office, are sharp enough to guess the truth—that we have made a Masonic secret of it—the two separate diagrams are valueless without your papers; your papers reveal nothing without Nos. 7 and 13.'

I bowed in submission. But I was, all the same, disappointed, as I said, and a trifle mortified.

Herr Wilhelm saw it, and cheered me up.

'All right, Lutz, my boy,' he said. 'I feel just like younothing I should enjoy more than a rush over to London, carrying the whole documents, and prepared for a fight with anyone who tried to get hold of them. But Herr Gerhardt here is coolerblooded than we are.'

The elder man smiled.

'I don't doubt your readiness to fight, nor Ludwig's either. But it would be by no such honestly brutal means as open robbery that we should be outwitted. Make friends readily with no one while travelling, Lutz, yet avoid the appearance of keeping yourself aloof. You understand?'

'Perfectly,' I said. 'I shall sleep well to-night, so as to be

prepared to keep awake throughout the journey.'

The papers were then carefully packed up. Those consigned to my care were to be carried in a certain light, black handbag with a very good lock, which had often before been my travelling

companion.

And the following evening I started by the express train agreed upon. So, at least, I have always believed, but I have never been able to bring forward a witness to the fact of my train at the start being the right one, as no one came with me to see me off. For it was thought best that I should depart in as unobtrusive a manner as possible, as, even in a large town such as ours, the members and employés of an old and important house like the Moritzes' were well known.

I took my ticket then, registering no luggage, as I had none but what I easily carried in my hand, as well as the bag. It was already dusk, if not dark, and there was not much bustle in

the station, nor apparently many passengers. I took my place in an empty second-class compartment, and sat there quietly till the train should start. A few minutes before it did so, another man got in. I was somewhat annoyed at this, as in my circumstances nothing was more undesirable than travelling alone with one other. Had there been a crowded compartment, or one with three or four passengers, I would have chosen it; but at the moment I got in, the carriages were all either empty or with but one or two occupants. Now, I said to myself, I should have done better to wait till nearer the time of departure, and then chosen my place.

I turned to reconnoitre my companion, but I could not see his face clearly, as he was half leaning out of the window. Was he doing so on purpose? I said to myself, for naturally I was in a suspicious mood. And as the thought struck me I half started up, determined to choose another compartment. Suddenly a peculiar sound made itself heard. My companion was coughing. He drew his head in, covering his face with his hand, as he coughed again. You never heard such a curious cough. It was more like a hen clucking than anything I can think of. Once, twice he coughed; then, as if he had been waiting for the slight spasm to pass, he sprang up, looked eagerly out of the window again, and, opening the door, jumped out, with some exclamation, as if he had just caught sight of a friend.

And in another moment or two-he could barely have had time to get in elsewhere-much to my satisfaction, the train

moved off.

'Now,' thought I, 'I can make myself comfortable for some hours. We do not stop till M——: it will be nine o'clock by then. If no one gets in there I am safe to go through till tomorrow alone; then there will only be —— Junction, and a clear run to Calais.'

I unstrapped my rug and lit a cigar—of course I had chosen a smoking-carriage—and delighted at having got rid of my clucking companion, the time passed pleasantly till we pulled up at M—. The delay there was not great, and to my enormous satisfaction no one molested my solitude. Evidently the express to Calais was not in very great demand that night. I now felt so secure that, notwithstanding my intention of keeping awake all night, my innermost consciousness had not, I suppose, quite resigned itself to the necessity, for, not more than an hour or so after leaving M—, possibly sooner, I fell fast asleep.

It seemed to me that I had slept heavily, for when I awoke I had great difficulty in remembering where I was. Only by slow degrees did I realise that I was not in my comfortable bed at home, but in a chilly, ill-lighted railway-carriage. Chilly-yes, that it was-very chilly; but as my faculties returned I remembered my precious bag, and forgot all else in a momentary terror that it had been taken from me. No; there it was-my elbow had been pressed against it as I slept. But how was this? The train was not in motion. We were standing in a station: a dingy, deserted-looking place, with no cheerful noise or bustle; only one or two porters slowly moving about, with a sort of sleepy 'night duty,' surly air. It could not be the Junction? I looked at my Barely midnight! Of course, not the Junction. We were not due there till four o'clock in the morning or so.

What, then, were we doing here, and what was 'here'? there been an accident—some unforeseen necessity for stopping? At that moment a curious sound, from some yards' distance only it seemed to come, caught my ear. It was that croaking, cackling cough !-- the cough of my momentary fellow-passenger, towards whom I had felt an instinctive aversion. I looked out of the window—there was a refreshment-room just opposite, dimly lighted, like everything else, and in the doorway, as if just entering, was a figure which I felt pretty sure was that of the man

with the cough.

'Bah!' I said to myself, 'I must not be fanciful. I dare say the fellow's all right. He is evidently in the same hole as myself. What, in Heaven's name, are we waiting here for?'

I sprang out of the carriage, nearly tumbling over a porter slowly passing along.

'How long are we to stay here?' I cried. 'When do we start

again for -?'-and I named the Junction.

'For ---' he repeated in the queerest German I ever heard -was it German? or did I discover his meaning by some preternatural eleverness of my own? 'There is no train for - for four or five hours, not till-, and he named the time; and leaning forward lazily, he took out my larger bag and my rug, depositing them on the platform. He did not seem the least surprised at finding me there-I might have been there for a week, it seemed to me.

'No train for five hours? Are you mad?' I said.

He shook his head and mumbled something, and it seemed to me that he pointed to the refreshment-room opposite. Gathering my things together I hurried thither, hoping to find some more reliable authority. But there was no one there except a fat man with a white apron, who was clearing the counter—and—yes, in one corner was the figure I had mentally dubbed 'The man with the cough.'

I addressed the cook or waiter—whichever he was. But he only shook his head—denied all knowledge of the trains, but informed me that—in other words—I must turn out; he was

going to shut up.

'And where am I to spend the night, then?' I said angrily, though clearly it was not the aproned individual who was respon-

sible for the position in which I found myself.

There was a 'Restauration,' he informed me, near at hand, which I should find still open, straight before me on leaving the station, and then a few doors to the right I would see the lights.

Clearly there was nothing else to be done. I went out, and as I did so the silent figure in the corner rose also and followed me. The station was evidently going to bed. As I passed the porter I repeated the hour he had named, adding, 'That is the first train for —— Junction?'

He nodded, again naming the exact time. But I cannot do so, as I have never been able to recollect it.

I trudged along the road—there were lamps, though very feeble ones; but by their light I saw that the man who had been in the refreshment-room was still a few steps behind me. It made me feel slightly nervous, and I looked round furtively once or twice; the last time I did so he was not to be seen, and I hoped he had gone some other way.

The 'Restauration' was scarcely more inviting than the station refreshment-room. It, too, was very dimly lighted, and the one or two attendants seemed half asleep and were strangely silent. There was a fire, of a kind, and I seated myself at a small table near it and asked for some coffee, which would, I thought, serve the double purpose of warming me and keeping me awake.

It was brought me, in silence. I drank it, and felt the better for it. But there was something so gloomy and unsociable, so queer and almost weird about the whole aspect and feeling of the place, that a sort of irritable resignation took possession of me. If these surly folk won't speak, neither will I, I said to myself childishly. And, incredible as it may sound, I did not speak. I think I paid for the coffee, but I am not quite sure. I know I never asked what I had meant to ask—the name of the town—a

place of some importance, to judge by the size of the station and the extent of twinkling lights I had observed as I made my way to the 'Restauration.' From that day to this I have never been able to identify it, and I am quite sure I never shall.

What was there peculiar about that coffee? Or was it something peculiar about my own condition that caused it to have the unusual effect I now experienced? That question, too, I cannot answer. All I remember is feeling a sensation of irresistible drowsiness creeping over me—mental, or moral I may say, as well as physical. For when one part of me feebly resisted the first onslaught of sleep, something seemed to reply 'Oh, nonsense! you have several hours before you. Your papers are all right. No one can touch them without awaking you.'

And, dreamily conscious that my belongings were on the floor at my feet—the bag itself actually resting against my ankle—my scruples silenced themselves in an extraordinary way. I remember nothing more, save a vague consciousness through all my slumber of confused and chaotic dreams, which I have never been able to recall.

I awoke at last, and that with a start, almost a jerk. Something had awakened me—a sound—and as it was repeated to my now aroused ears I knew that I had heard it before, off and on, during my sleep. It was the extraordinary cough!

I looked up. Yes, there he was! At some two or three yards' distance only, at the other side of the fireplace, which I have forgotten to mention as another peculiar item in that night's peculiar experiences, considering I have every reason to believe I was still in Germany, was, not a stove, but an open grate.

And he had not been there when I first fell asleep; to that I was prepared to swear.

'He must have come sneaking in after me,' I thought, and in all probability I should neither have noticed nor recognised him but for that traitorous cackle of his.

Now, my misgivings aroused, my first thought, of course, was for my precious charge. I stooped. There were my rugs, my larger bag, but—no, not the smaller one; and though the other two were there, I knew at once that they were not quite in the same position—not so close to me. Horror seized me. Half wildly I gazed around, when my silent neighbour bent towards me. I could declare there was nothing in his hand when he did so, and I could declare as positively that I had already looked under the small round table beside which I sat, and that the bag

was not there. And yet when the man, with a slight cackle, caused, no doubt, by his stooping, raised himself, the thing was in his hand!

Was he a conjurer, a pupil of Maskelyne and Cook? And how was it that, even as he held out my missing property, he managed, and that most cleverly and unobtrusively, to prevent my catching sight of his face? I did not see it then—I never did see it!

Something he murmured, to the effect that he supposed the bag was what I was looking for. In what language he spoke I know not; it was more by the action accompanying the mumbled sounds that I gathered his meaning than that I heard anything articulate.

I thanked him, of course, mechanically, so to say, though I began to feel as if he were an evil spirit haunting me. I could only hope that the splendid lock to the bag had defied all curiosity, but I felt in a fever to be alone again, and able to satisfy myself

that nothing had been tampered with.

The thought recalled my wandering faculties. How long had I been asleep? I drew out my watch. Heavens! It was close upon the hour named for the first train in the morning. I sprang up, collected my things, and dashed out of the 'Restauration.' If I had not paid for my coffee before, I certainly did not pay for it then. Besides my haste, there was another reason for this—there was no one to pay to! Not a creature was to be seen in the room or at the door as I passed out—always excepting the man with the cough.

As I left the place and hurried along the road a bell began, not to ring, but to toll. It sounded most uncanny. What it meant, of course, I have never known. It may have been a summons to the workpeople of some manufactory, it may have been like all the other experiences of that strange night. But

no; this theory I will not at present enter upon.

Dawn was not yet breaking, but there was in one direction a faint suggestion of something of the kind not far off. Otherwise all was dark. I stumbled along as best I could, helped in reality, I suppose, by the ugly yellow glimmer of the woe-begone street, or road lamps. And it was not far to the station, though somehow it seemed farther than when I came, and somehow, too, it seemed to have grown steep, though I could not remember having noticed any slope the other way on my arrival. A nightmare-like sensation began to oppress me. I felt as if my luggage was

growing momentarily heavier and heavier, as if I should never reach the station; and to this was joined the agonising terror of missing the train.

I made a desperate effort. Cold as it was, the beads of perspiration stood out upon my forehead as I forced myself along. And by degrees the nightmare feeling cleared off. I found myself entering the station at a run just as-yes, a train was actually beginning to move! I dashed, baggage and all, into a compartment; it was empty, and it was a second-class one, precisely similar to the one I had occupied before; it might have been the very same one. The train gradually increased its speed, but for the first few moments, while still in the station and passing through its immediate entourage, another strange thing struck me-the extraordinary silence and lifelessness of all about. Not one human being did I see, no porter watching our departure with the faithful though stolid interest always to be seen on the porter's visage. I might have been alone in the train-it might have had a freight of the dead, and been itself propelled by some supernatural agency, so noiselessly, so gloomily did it proceed.

You will scarcely credit that I actually and for the third time fell asleep. I could not help it. Some occult influence was at work upon me throughout those dark hours I am positively certain. And with the daylight it was dispelled. For when I again awoke I felt for the first time since leaving home completely and normally myself, fresh and vigorous, all my faculties at their best.

But, nevertheless, my first sensation was a start of amazement, almost of terror. The compartment was nearly full! There were at least five or six travellers besides myself, very respectable, ordinary-looking folk, with nothing in the least alarming about them. Yet it was with a gasp of extraordinary relief that I found my precious bag in the corner beside me, where I had carefully placed it. It was concealed from view. No one, I felt assured, could have touched it without awaking me.

It was broad and bright daylight. How long had I slept?

'Can you tell me,' I inquired of my opposite neighbour, a cheery-faced compatriot—'can you tell me how soon we get to——Junction by this train? I am most anxious to catch the night mail at Calais, and am quite out in my reckonings, owing to an extraordinary delay at ——. I have wasted half the night by getting into a stopping train instead of the express.'

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He looked at me in astonishment. He must have thought

me either mad or just awaking from a fit of intoxication—only I flatter myself I did not look as if the latter were the case.

'How soon we get to — Junction?' he repeated. 'Why, my good sir, you left it about three hours ago! It is now eight o'clock. We all got in at the Junction. You were alone, if I mistake not?'—he glanced at one or two of the others, who endorsed his statement. 'And very fast asleep you were, and must have been, not to be disturbed by the bustle at the station. And as for catching the evening boat at Calais'—he burst into a loud guffaw—'why, it would be very hard lines to do no better than that! We all hope to cross by the midday one.'

'Then-what train is this?' I exclaimed, utterly perplexed.

'The express, of course. All of us, excepting yourself, joined it at the Junction,' he replied.

'The express?' I repeated. 'The express that leaves'-and

I named my own town—'at six in the evening?'

'Exactly. You have got into the right train after all,' and here came another shout of amusement. 'How did you think we had all got in if you had not yet passed the Junction? You had not the pleasure of our company from M——, I take it? M——, which you passed at nine o'clock last night, if my memory is correct.'

'Then,' I persisted, 'this is the double-fast express, which

does not stop between M --- and your junction?'

'Exactly,' he repeated; and then, confirmed most probably in his belief that I was mad, or the other thing, he turned to his newspaper, and left me to my own extraordinary cogitations.

Had I been dreaming? Impossible! Every sensation, the very taste of the coffee, seemed still present with me—the curious accent of the officials at the mysterious town, I could perfectly recall. I still shivered at the remembrance of the chilly waking in the 'Restauration'; I heard again the cackling cough.

But I felt I must collect myself, and be ready for the important negotiation entrusted to me. And to do this I must for the

time banish these fruitless efforts at solving the problem.

We had a good run to Calais, found the boat in waiting, and a fair passage brought us prosperously across the Channel. I found myself in London punctual to the intended hour of my arrival.

At once I drove to the lodgings in a small street off the Strand which I was accustomed to frequent in such circumstances. I felt nervous till I had an opportunity of thoroughly overhauling my documents. The bag had been opened by the Custom

House officials, but the words 'private papers' had sufficed to prevent any further examination; and to my unspeakable delight they were intact. A glance satisfied me as to this the moment I

got them out, for they were most carefully numbered.

The next morning saw me early on my way to—No. 909, we will say—Blackfriars Street, where was the office of Messrs. Bluestone & Fagg. I had never been there before, but it was easy to find, and had I felt any doubt, their name stared me in the face at the side of the open doorway. 'Second-floor' I thought I read; but when I reached the first landing I imagined I must have been mistaken. For there, at a door ajar, stood an eminently respectable-looking gentleman, who bowed as he saw me, with a discreet smile.

'Herr Schmidt?' he said. 'Ah, yes; I was on the look-out for you.'

I felt a little surprised, and my glance involuntarily strayed to the doorway. There was no name upon it, and it appeared to have been freshly painted. My new friend saw my glance.

'It is all right,' he said; 'we have the painters here. We are using these lower rooms temporarily. I was watching to prevent your having the trouble of mounting to the second-floor.'

And as I followed him in I caught sight of a painter's ladder—a small one—on the stair above, and the smell was also unmis-

takable.

The large outer office looked bare and empty, but under the circumstances that was natural. No one was, at the first glance, to be seen; but behind a dulled glass partition screening off one corner I fancied I caught sight of a seated figure. And an inner office, to which my conductor led the way, had a more comfortable and inhabited look. Here stood a younger man. He bowed politely.

'Mr. Fagg, my junior,' said the first individual airily. 'And now, Herr Schmidt, to business at once, if you please. Time is

everything. You have all the documents ready?'

I answered by opening my bag and spreading out its contents. Both men were very grave, almost taciturn; but as I proceeded to explain things it was easy to see that they thoroughly understood all I said.

'And now,' I went on, when I had reached a certain point, 'if you will give me Nos. 7 and 13, which you have already received by registered post, I can put you in full possession of the whole. Without them, of course, all I have said is, so to say, preliminary only.'

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The two looked at each other.

'Of course,' said the elder man, 'I follow what you say. The key of the whole is wanting. But I was momentarily expecting you to bring it out. We have not—Fagg, I am right, am I not?

-we have received nothing by post.'

'Nothing whatever,' replied his junior. And the answer seemed simplicity itself. Why did a strange thrill of misgiving go through me? Was it something in the look that had passed between them? Perhaps so. In any case, strange to say, the inconsistency between their having received no papers and yet looking for my arrival at the hour mentioned in the letter accompanying the documents, and accosting me by name, did not strike me till some hours later.

I threw off what I believed to be my ridiculous mistrust, and

it was not difficult to do so in my extreme annoyance.

'I cannot understand it,' I said. 'It is really too bad. Everything depends upon 7 and 13. I must telegraph at once for inquiries to be instituted at the post-office.'

'But your people must have duplicates,' said Fagg eagerly.

'These can be forwarded at once.'

'I hope so,' I said, though feeling strangely confused and worried.

'They must send them direct here,' he went on.

I did not at once answer. I was gathering my papers together.

'And in the meantime,' he proceeded, touching my bag, 'you had better leave these here. We will lock them up in the safe at

once. It is better than carrying them about London.'

It certainly seemed so. I half laid down the bag on the table, but at that moment from the outer room a most peculiar sound caught my ears—a faint cackling cough! I think I concealed my start. I turned away as if considering 'Fagg's' suggestion, which, to confess the truth, I had been on the very point of agreeing to. For it would have been a great relief to me to know that the papers were in safe custody. But now a flash of lurid light seemed to have transformed everything.

'I thank you,' I replied. 'I should be glad to be free from the responsibility of the charge, but I dare not let these out of

my own hands till the agreement is formally signed.'

The younger man's face darkened. He assumed a bullying tone.

'I don't know how it strikes you, Mr. Bluestone,' he said, 'but it seems to me that this young gentleman is going rather

too far. Do you think your employers will be pleased to hear of your insulting us, sir?'

But the elder man smiled condescendingly, though with a touch of superciliousness. It was very well done. He waved his hand.

'Stay, my dear Fagg; we can well afford to make allowance. You will telegraph at once, no doubt, Herr Schmidt, and—let me see—yes, we shall receive the duplicates of Nos. 7 and 13 by first post on Thursday morning.'

I bowed.

'Exactly,' I replied, as I lifted the now locked bag. 'And you may expect me at the same hour on Thursday morning.'

Then I took my departure, accompanied to the door by the urbane individual who had received me.

The telegram which I at once despatched was not couched precisely as he would have dictated, I allow. And he would have been considerably surprised at my sending off another, later in the day, to Bluestone & Fagg's telegraphic address, in these words:—

'Unavoidably detained till Thursday morning.—SCHMIDT.'
This was after the arrival of a wire from home in answer to mine.

By Thursday morning I had had time to receive a letter from Herr Wilhelm, and to secure the services of a certain noted detective, accompanied by whom I presented myself at the appointed hour at No. 909. But my companion's services were not required. The birds had flown, warned by the same traitor in our camp through whom the first hints of the new patent had leaked out. With him it was easy to deal, poor wretch! but the clever rogues who had employed him and personated the members of the honourable firm of Bluestone & Fagg were never traced.

The negotiation was successfully carried out. The experience I had gone through left me a wiser man. It is to be hoped, too, that the owners of 909 Blackfriars Street were more cautious in the future as to whom they let their premises to when temporarily vacant. The re-painting of the doorway, &c., at the tenant's own expense had already roused some slight suspicion.

It is needless to add that Nos. 7 and 13 had been duly received on the second-floor.

I have never known the true history of that extraordinary night. Was it all a dream, or a prophetic vision of warning?

Or was it in any sense true? Had I, in some inexplicable way, left my own town earlier than I intended, and really travelled in a slow train?

Or had the man with a cough, for his own nefarious purposes, mesmerised or hypnotised me, and to some extent succeeded?

I cannot say. Sometimes, even, I ask myself if I am quite sure that there ever was such a person as 'the man with the cough!'

LOUISA MOLESWORTH.

Queen Dido's Realm.

I CALL her Dido because she is the foundress and queen of a flourishing colony.

Her history is a strange one. She was born last August, in what home I know not-one among a numerous brood of brothers and sisters, for wasps are all most determined anti-Malthusians, who believe that the more populous the state the greater the amount of food it will be likely to collect for distribution among its component members. Unscared by authority, they hold the means of subsistence to be practically unlimited, and maintain their simple faith that the faster the vespine race increases, the richer and more prosperous will it tend to become. In this, oddly enough, they are at one with the very most advanced and revolutionary school of human economists; which, after all, is not to be wondered at, for wasps are nothing if not convinced and consistent socialists. They live for the community; and I shall have occasion to show before I reach the end of this present article how high a degree of co-operative morality they have succeeded in developing within their own limits.

The fact is, our common human standpoint about waspdom seems sadly lacking in cosmopolitan breadth and biological expansiveness. For no better reason on earth than just because wasps are given to stinging Us—at times without even the shadow of provocation—we fail as a rule to do simple justice to the solid domestic virtues and civic spirit which animate their bosoms. We overlook the cardinal fact that the wasps and we are to some extent engaged in open war of competition for the fruits of the earth and the spoils of animals, and that they regard us with reason as extremely big and dangerous creatures, given to the assertion of a purely adventitious proprietorship over the peaches and apricots in what we are pleased to consider our own gardens. Moreover, if wasps occasionally sting us without due cause, we quite as often retaliate by putting our feet upon some innocent

wasp who has never harmed us. There are Jingoes in both races. The individual may be as blameless as the babe unborn, yet we kill him for being a wasp without scruple or compunction. Omnes uno ordine habemus Achivos.

Well, our Dido-to return from this ethical digression-was born last August, having been one among a generation of perfect male and female wasps, specially designed by the authorities of her type for the task of carrying the fortunes of the hive over the approaching winter. For with the first frosts, of course, the mass of what was once a flourishing community of worker-wasps is cut off wholesale, and perishes miserably of cold and inanition. It is during this last struggle against the advancing glacial epoch that stray individuals from the doomed city are most likely to enter our houses for the sake of shelter, and there, half numbed with cold and half stupid with faintness, to sting the incautious hand that happens unawares to touch them. Lest the whole race should thus die off without issue or representative, the founders and lawgivers of the vespine commonwealth-unknown Numas and Lycurguses—have arranged beforehand that every autumn there shall be born in each nest a special brood of perfect male and female insects, whose task it is to provide for the continuance of their kind across the intervening gulf of northern winter.

Dido's simple nuptials took place, I imagine, in September or October, for our personal acquaintance with her did not begin till some months later. 'Twas but a mariage de convenance, no doubt, or one might almost even say de haute politique, designed only (like those of other royal personages) to provide the throne with an undisputed succession. She had several hundred sisters in the nest, of equal rank with herself, and the question which or how many among them were finally to become the foundresses and queens of some future Carthage was decided in nature's usual rough-and-ready fashion by the chances of survival.

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For the immediate future they betook themselves to the snuggest and warmest holes they could find in moss or banks, and there endeavoured to sleep away the winter in a drowsy condition. At the first breath of spring, however, they emerged again—but not the six hundred. Frost and hunger had killed most of them off; only one or two queens out of all the pioneers who went forth from the old nest had lived through the hard times to become the foundresses of new colonies and future

dynasties.

When winter disappeared, poor Dido found herself alone and an outcast. She had struggled with difficulty through the frozen time in her mossy cranny, and now she ventured out in fear and trembling on the first sunny day that afforded promise of food and of warmth enough to thaw one. Just at first, after shaking off her long winter's sleep, she sat for a time bewildered on a flat stone in the sun, beside our Surrey garden, and allowed the genial rays to revive and restore her. There we first observed her, raising her wings from time to time, and trying hard to wake herself. But as soon as she was well warmed, she started off to fly and get about her business, and that with all expedition; for incredible as it sounds, our one solitary insect has to found and build and people before the end of summer a populous city as big as Bath or Oxford, containing some sixty or seventy thousand souls, if I may be allowed to credit wasps with such immaterial appurtenances.

During those first few days after she took up her abode in our own front garden, Dido was terribly busy. We watched her with interest. It was quite wonderful that so great an undertaking should not have appalled a lonely feminine soul; for alone and unaided, without the companionship of a single other creature of her kind, she had to select the site for a nest, to construct it herself, to build its first cells, and to produce the earliest brood of workers. I never can look at an adult wasp-nest, indeed, without murmuring to myself those threadbare words of the poet, Dux femina facti. A queen alone did it. There is something positively pathetic (if you will but overlook the damning fact of her wasphood) in the picture of that belated but industrious insect, a perfect emblem of faith, setting to work by herself to construct and people a whole vast city of her kind, by means and acts whose import and reason she herself can never fathom or understand beforehand.

For recollect, she does it all under the guidance of blind instinct. She can't say herself why she gathers the material for the first few cells, or why she lays her eggs in them—those stored-up eggs of dead drone fathers who perished of cold at the first touch of winter—precious eggs that she has safely ferried, as it were, across the ocean of winter to the haven of May in her own person. She merely understands that some imperative impulse, some blind stirring in her blood, compels her to act in such and such a manner, and that when once she has formed a few papery cells and hatched out a few eggs into helpless grubs, it becomes

forthwith her maternal duty and her maternal pleasure to supply fitting food for the young thus born to her. In an incredibly short space of time that devoted mother has built her shapely home and hatched out and reared her first generation of workers. As soon as that proximate end is fairly attained the colony is founded, and she can afford to take things a little more easily herself; for her daughters henceforth assist her in her task as nurses and food-collectors for the subsequent broods, which con-

tinue to succeed one another at frequent intervals.

I must explain in a little more detail, however, Dido's choice of a site for her projected colony. Her judgment was most deliberate. When I first observed her in sunny May weather, she had only just emerged from her winter quarters, and was engaged in prospecting for an eligible plot of unoccupied building land. suitable for the erection of a genteel and commodious family residence. At first, after a preliminary survey of the neighbourhood, she seemed inclined to excavate on her own account, as I have known her sister queens to do more than once, their legs and jaws being admirably adapted for first-rate navvy work. selected a spot in the bank and began to dig away at it. But before she had got far in her task of excavation, she happened to observe the big deserted hole between the stones of the rockery. which has been left without a tenant since poor Tom, the garden rat, was worried to death last year by Dick Hessleby's terrier. A careful survey of that vacant nest convinced Dido at once that it afforded the exact combination of advantages she was then in search of; and as soon as she had satisfied herself by a course of watching that the hole was not now in possession of any stronger and more aggressive wasp-eating animal, she abandoned at once her digging operations, and took up her abode in the ready-made cavern. There she set to work at once upon the collection of material for the first few cells, which we saw her bringing in from the decaying place on the gate-post with commendable activity.

The nest itself our queen constructed within Tom's vacant hole, building and lining it with a peculiar sort of paper of which she and her kind have the entire monopoly. This paper is manufactured from woody fibre, after the most modern human fashion—the wood being first reduced to a complete pulp, and then kneaded with the jaws to the proper thickness and consistency. In most cases the raw material is nibbled piecemeal off the bark of trees; but Dido fortunately discovered early in her career a weak spot at the base of the rustic gate in the garden, and worked this mine

with such skill and industry that before the end of the summer she and her descendants had gnawed a great hole in it as big as a teapot. She even endangered the stability of the structure. Wasps seem to moisten the pulp as they knead it with a secretion from their mouths, the analogue, I suppose, of saliva; they use their powerful jaws to reduce the little balls of torn wood to this pulp, and then to spread it into thin sheets of papery layers.

The cells built of the paper so prepared are hexagonal, like those of the common hive-bee; and indeed wasps and bees, in spite of ethical divergences, are descended from a single very early ancestor, many of whose domestic tricks and traits both great groups of social insects retain most faithfully. But while the bees have learnt to build a great many more cells than they need for the use of their grubs, and to employ the supernumerary ones as storehouses or jars for preserving honey, the wasps only make just as many cells as they mean to fill with larvæ, and bring up a young grub in each at least three times over in a single season. The fact is, the hexagonal cell was originally intended as a cradle for the larva alone; the hive-bee has diverted it in part from its primitive purpose, and has applied it to a new and wholly economical object. Wasps are bees which have never learnt honey-making.

When you come to look at it, indeed, you will soon see that most of the marked psychological differences between bees and wasps depend ultimately upon the difference in the food of the two species. Wasps are carnivores or omnivores; bees are honeyeaters, Now honey, once stored, will keep well through the winter; and bees are thus enabled to live on en masse, or at least a considerable proportion of each hive is successful in struggling through from season to season. But wasps, being chiefly dependent on flesh-meat of one kind or another, can't lay by for the winter; they are unacquainted with the method of making jerked beef or pemmican, and they know no such refinements of the carnivorous instinct as the preparation of Australian tinned meats or frozen New Zealand mutton. The consequence is that almost all the nest or community of wasps perishes miserably, wholesale, at the approach of winter; only a few impregnated queens or potential mothers survive to carry over the fortunes of the race into another generation.

Similar considerations govern the material of the cell-frame in either instance. The honey-eating and plant-haunting bees, guided by ancestral use and wont, make their comb of wax, which

they gather on their rounds from much the same sources as those which yield them nectar and pollen. But the mainly carnivorous wasps, requiring as they do strong and murderous jaws with which to attack and secure their prey, make use of these ready-made instruments to assist them in cutting and masticating the decayed wood or bark out of which they manufacture their cell-material and wall-paper. If you have ever seen a wasp pounce down in full force upon a helpless house-fly, and saw off its wings to prevent unpleasant and unseemly struggling, you will know for what purpose it originally acquired those powerful implements which it has since adapted to the peaceful industrial art of paper-making.

We never grew familiar with Dido as we did with Lucy and Eliza, our two pet spiders: her habits were inimical to intimate acquaintance. But while she was engaged in the first operations of building, we saw her frequently at her labours about the door of the nest, carrying in the little balls of tindery wood which she used in the formation of the first layer of cells. After that she paused for a short time in her task, and we knew she was occupied in depositing the eggs whence were to proceed the first generation of her worker daughters. Next, after a brief interval, we could see on sunny mornings the careful mother bringing in supplies of food for the developing grubs—live insects, scraps of meat, bits of fruit, drops of honey, for all was fish that came to Queen Dido's net, from small flies to ripe strawberries. But from the moment the first crop of worker wasps was fully hatched out from the pupal condition, a change came over the constitution of the realm: Dido appeared no more in public. The smaller and slimmer neuters alone now sallied forth on their foraging expeditions in search of food or the raw material of the paper factory; while the queen and foundress herself, immediately distinguishable from them by her august proportions and larger span of wing, devoted her energies henceforth to nothing but her maternal and queenly functions. It is always so in the nest; when once the foundress has firmly established it and brought to maturity the first brood of workers, she never again quits her chosen palace, holding it inconsistent with her royal dignity, like an Eastern monarch, to be seen in public. But she works within, none the less, as hard and ceaselessly as ever. That moral fraud, the Busy Bee, is an idler beside her.

And now the real work of the hive began in earnest. Dido laid eggs as fast as she could hatch them; and the worker-wasps nursed and fed them with appropriate viands. Scouts came in and

out with increasing rapidity, and the incursions into the diningroom would have been unpleasantly frequent for anyone but a
naturalist. Instead of the single row of cells which the foundress
modestly set up as the nucleus of her colony, the city soon consisted of tier above tier of comb, each story supported by little
columns of the papery material, and all opening downward, so
that the little fat white grubs could lie in their cradles upside down, and be fed from below by their assiduous nurses.
By way of outer wall the nest was lined with paper many layers
thick, which formed such a system of fortification as became
a well-guarded city about as populous and as fully garrisoned as
Chatham or Portsmouth. A circular door at the bottom admitted
from without all friendly helpers; while the aggressor who dared
to enter it with hostile intent would soon be stung to death by
unanimous assault of Queen Dido's faithful subjects.

And now a word in passing as to these stings themselves, which form so marked and impressive a feature in the vespine character. A certain pungency in their nature has given them an excessive importance in the eyes of man. They are really the ovipositors or egg-laying apparatuses of the female wasps, admirably sharpened at their extremity so as to penetrate such a resisting membrane as (for example) your skin or mine, and beautifully provided with a suitable and active poison to inject as a deterrent into the aperture thus formed. (I flatter myself I have described this point in their structure with a tolerable approach to scientific magniloquence and the charming impartiality of the trained biologist.) They are therefore confined to the queens or perfect females, and the neuters, workers, or imperfect females. The drones or males, having no ovipositors, are necessarily stingless.

Throughout the summer months the nest consists of the queen or foundress and a vast population of neuters or workers. These last form the commonalty of the vespine commonwealth. They are emphatically the People, with a very big P; for them the whole hive exists and is organised. They act as architects, builders, carpenters, and paper-makers. They go abroad into the fields and gardens in search of provisions; with exemplary care for the public welfare, they eat out the sunny side of your peaches, and carry away meat from the lamb-chops in your larder. Man, base man, who robs the Busy Bee of its hard-earned honey, and slays the gentle calf for the production of veal cutlets, usually speaks of the socialist insects as robbers and depredators. But he forgets that the generous and public-spirited wasp does not levy

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tribute on his apricots for itself alone. It is the commissary of the republic. Each worker carries back to the nest the results of his fruit-hunting or his marauding expeditions, and shares them among his fellow-subjects with that distributive justice which Aristotle preached and which nobody in our human communities practises. He carries out the principles of the Fabian society. Every successful wasp, when he returns to the nest with a piece of prime beef, or a wingless fly, or a cargo of sugar saved for the community from the grocer's barrel, perches on the top of the dome among his assembled fellows, and, disgorging all his spoils, divides them equally among nurses and paper-makers. His two main doctrines are, 'If any wasp will not work, neither shall he eat;' and 'Every wasp to labour according to his capacity, and receive according to his needs, in a free community.'

Division of labour, I believe, goes a long way in the nest. Some of the workers seem to be specially employed as foragers and soldiers; others appear to be told off as nurses and guardians; while yet others are engaged as paper-makers and masons. It is even said that these last work by definite shifts (I know not on what authority), and that they each have a space of about a square inch allotted to them to fill with cells, on which no neighbouring worker is permitted to encroach with impunity. But these are perhaps the fictions of imaginative observers. At any rate, the Eight Hours Act is not yet in operation; wasps work early and

late, of their own mere motion.

The nurse wasps feed the little fat black-faced grubs with food regurgitated (good Virgilian word!) from their own stomachs. As for the grub itself, it hangs, head downward, in its narrow cell, opens its mouth and shuts its eyes, and takes with supreme indifference whatever heaven may send it. Its food consists in about equal proportion of insects, fruit, meat, and honey, all partially digested beforehand by the nurse's organs. When the grubs are ready to enter the pupal or chrysalis condition, they cover the mouths of their cells with a sort of silken fabric, deposited or spun from their own bodies. Only the little black beady eyes can be seen through this thin and gauze-like tissue. There they undergo their transformation into the perfect insect, and emerge at last as winged and sting-bearing creatures.

As autumn approaches, however, Queen Dido, warned by some internal monitor of her race that evil times are looming ahead for the vespine world, will make preparation beforehand for the inevitable cataclysm. She will duly lay the eggs from which in

course of nature the perfect male and female wasps must be born against the need for next season's colonies. The workers begin by preparing special cells to educate the grubs of queens and drones; and it is probable that on the size of the cells alone, and the nature of the food supplied to the larvæ, depends the ultimate fate of the perfect insect—the question whether it shall hatch out as a queen, a drone, or a sexless worker. At any rate, with the approach of autumn, male and female insects begin to emerge from these special combs, and, after they have paired, the nest seems to become aware that the end is upon it. A lethargy comes over the spirit of the hive, the workers go about in a listless, half-hearted, dispirited fashion, cold comes on and numbs them, they straggle and die in very waspish humour, and before very long, out of that populous community, only a few hibernating queens remain, all lurking in retirement among strange nooks and crannies.

Wasps are at all times particularly fond of honey. Indeed, they have a very sweet tooth for sugar in any form. Towards the end of summer, therefore, as bee-keepers well know, they will force their way into bee-hives as open robbers, and carry off by main force as much as they can gorge of their winged neighbours' honey. At such times the bees, who are delicate creatures, very sensitive to cold, though capable of outliving the winter, are given to hiding themselves in clusters among the warmer interior quarters of the hive; and the wasps, who feel the cold less just at first than their nectar-eating allies, take advantage of their absence and the unguarded state of the doors to rifle the upper combs with comparative impunity. Even in summer, too, they sometimes seize the bees on their way home from work, especially if heavily laden, and cut out the honey-bag regardless of the feelings of its lawful proprietor. Throughout nature, indeed, moral scruples seldom extend beyond the single community.

But wasps are also honey-collectors on their own account, in more peaceful fashion—a fact comparatively little known to any save botanists who have watched the special devices for the fertilisation of flowers. A considerable number of plants depend entirely for pollination upon the visits of wasps, which alone are adapted for reaching their nectar and at the same time depositing the fertilising powder on the sensitive surface of the ripening ovary. Flowers which lay themselves out for wasps are most often hood-like in shape, as in the case of the common English Scrophularia; and the size and arrangement of the hood exactly

answer to the head and appendages of the wasp that fertilises them. But the most interesting point of all is the fact that wasp-flowers are seldom pretty, and never sweet-scented, being adapted, as Hermann Müller quaintly remarks, to 'a less æsthetically cultivated circle of visitors' than that affected by the beeattracting species. Indeed, the wasp-flowers recognise and provide for the carnivorous tastes of their insect allies by assuming the dusky red colour of dead meat, and often also by producing a faint odour as of rather fresh carrion, which seems peculiarly alluring to the senses of their visitors.

No wasp-flower that I have ever examined has been blue, or scarlet, or bright golden yellow. All of them are dingy, and most of them meaty-looking. How, then, can we account for the brilliant black-and-gold livery of the wasps themselves, whose colours are remarkable for their vividness and conspicuousness? Such bright hues in the animal world are due in most cases to sexual selection, and seldom occur except among those special classes which, like butterflies or humming-birds, have their æsthetic tastes immensely developed and stimulated by the habit of feeding among fruits and flowers. Why should they occur among the carnivorous wasps, which show themselves so indifferent to the charms of colour in the blossoms especially produced for their use and delectation?

The answer must be, I think, that the coloration of wasps and hornets belongs to what Mr. Wallace calls the warning type. It is there for repulsion rather than for attraction. Sexual colours are little needed by creatures like wasps, which are mainly neuters, and whose marital relations in any case are arranged for the most part on utilitarian grounds, with very little consideration for individual preferences. But when an animal can sting or is otherwise dangerous to possible aggressors, it is an advantage to it to be as conspicuous and as easily recognised as possible. The colour, as it were, advertises and proclaims its power to defend itself. The black-and-yellow bands on Queen Dido's subjects say to us all, as plain as words could say it, 'Hands off! I sting. Beware how you provoke me.' Incautious young birds, indeed, may for once in their lives get a wound in the throat from attempting to swallow a fine fat wasp; but, once stung, they are hardly likely ever after to repeat the experiment. And the colour must especially serve to protect the stingless males, who are not readily discriminated by unobservant eyes from the dangerous sting-bearing females and workers.

While I am engaged in whitewashing the much-misunderstood wasp, let me add before I leave off that the drones of the race, instead of being idle and luxurious creatures, (as with that tedious Aristides of the insect world, the over-lauded Busy Bee of popular hymnology), are sober, industrious, and well-behaved members of the vespine community. They clean the streets of their town with exemplary diligence; they act as public scavengers or sanitary officers; and they carry out the corpses of the dead for burial, or rather, as is the wont of their kind, for Parsee-like exposure before the eye of heaven. And they have their reward; for, unlike the doomed bee-drones, they live their allotted life in peace and quietness, till winter involves both them and their spinster sisters in one common cataclysm of death and destruction. Observe herein the vast moral superiority of the unobtrusive wasp over the boastful bee, whose sting is imbued in its brother's blood. While the one kind has been endowed by its ancestors with a hateful and murderous instinct to kill off all the male members of its family in a St. Bartholomew massacre or Sicilian Vespers as soon as ever they have performed their one function in life—that of fertilising the queen or common mother of the community—the other kind lives on in brotherly love with the whole circle of its relations till death them do part, and does not believe that sound ethical principles can possibly be consistent with the organised practice of universal fratricide. Oh, no, if it comes to a question of moral superiority, human prejudice apart, give me the pugnacious but communistic wasp, not that sanctimonious humbug, the fratricidal hive-bee.

And yet, when I put my hand yesterday on the nest in the bank by accident, I uttered a hasty remark (not necessarily for publication) to the general effect that I considered the wasp an unduly vindictive and aggressive animal.

GRANT ALLEN.

A Crisis in the Oxford Union.

CINCE Donald Maclean, of Baliol, afterwards member for the Ocity of Oxford, founded in 1823 the United Debating Society, now the Union, it has had, like all public institutions, its varieties of temperature—its killing frosts and brilliant summers. years after its first foundation it was found necessary to have it reorganised and renamed under the auspices of several distinguished men, of whom the sole survivor is the present venerable Bishop of Chichester. For a full decade after this resuscitation the Society flourished and became famous, as it could hardly fail to do when such names as Gladstone, Palmer, Tait, and Lowe adorned its list of officers and contributed to its debates, but about the time that the writer first knew Oxford the tide of success had slackened. The speakers were still men of parts and distinction; names subsequently honoured in public life and literature, as, for instance, Bowen, Coleridge, Sandford, and Conington, still figured among the terminal presidents, but speakers were few, public nights badly attended, and a want of new blood was perceptible in the debates; a feud, too, had arisen between Christchurch men and some of the other colleges, doubtless arising, as the 'Squills' (ex coll. men) would have asserted, from some arrogance on the part of that 'powerful tribe,' to use the phrase of the Oxford Herodotus of 1868, 'the Housemen.' Whatever its origin, the squabble had led to the untoward result of blackballing candidates for the membership of the Union, thus naturally deterring sensitive men from coming forward to join it. It was insinuated that when the ballot-box was handed round, men helped themselves occasionally to more than the single ball to which they were legitimately entitled. One may hope that this was an unfounded imputation; but, at any rate, it led to a ludicrous incident worth a passing mention. An ingenious committee-man devised a self-acting reservoir for the balloting balls, which delivered only one pellet at a time to the grasp of the finger and thumb. On the first

occasion of the use of the new invention it was handed round by Mr. Boyle, now Dean of Salisbury, and the spring being new, acted rather stiffly. To make it easier, he gave a shake to the instrument, which straightway went off, and after discharging a pellet full in the face of the unlucky voter, continued its volley of projectiles like a mitrailleuse, spreading confusion and laughter in every direction.

The Union, like many other University institutions-nay, like Oxford itself-was confined within much narrower limits, and was much homelier in all its surroundings, than it is at present. weekly meetings for debate were then held in a large auctionroom, situated at the rear of a print shop in the High Street; a well-proportioned and well-ventilated apartment enough, but meagrely fitted up, without ornament save the statue of a gentleman in robes and wig of the Georgian era, occasionally apostrophised by ardent if ill-informed orators as a distinguished statesman, Walpole or Chatham, though actually intended for the counterfeit presentment of a bygone Oxford alderman of credit and renown. This hall, and two or three comfortable oak-panelled rooms over the bookseller's shop of Mr. Vincent, were the only accommodation open to the subscribers, who were far more of a clique than under the present régime-at least, so thought an increasing section of the University, to whom the peculiar standard of minor morals then prevalent among the residents seemed antiquated and absurd.

Dealing as we are at present with the Union Society only, this is hardly the occasion to speak of the absence, fifty years ago, of that freedom in social life which is so conspicuous a feature in the Oxford of the present day, though in those times it was denounced and discouraged as inimical to discipline and to study. The outward and visible sign of this social revolution meets the visitor at every turn as he traverses the streets of the University city, not only in the tasteful variety of female toilette, then almost entirely awanting, but likewise in the less artistic though possibly even more picturesque effects of colour derived from uniform coats and caps of many hues, pertaining to athletic clubs of every denomination, which, as Mr. Kebbel has noted, were for some time after the date of which we are speaking quite rare in the centre of the city, and even by the river had but a faint foreshadowing of their modern glory. Nowadays one might almost surmise from the daily aspect of the High Street that there was no such thing as a regulation University costume, and that Oxonians, like the students of Bonn whom Thomas Hood describes in *Up* the *Rhine*, were making the most of their emancipation by 'being clothed in a fit of enthusiasm by a romantic tailor.'

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Absurd and incongruous as this kaleidoscopic picture may seem, it is surely better than the narrowness of etiquette which prevailed when a youth who was a candidate for an exhibition at a not undistinguished college was told that, unless the morning coat, which had formed his usual attire at his father's parsonage, was exchanged for blackcloth and swallow tails, he could not hope, if elected, to become a member of the scholars' common room. Universities, however, preserve in amber the rubbish, as well as the valuable traditions of the past, and are slow to exchange them, though perforce they must do so, for the impressions of the present. He who (to quote Robert Lowe's macaronics),

Tum forte in turri, sie fama est, reading man altâ Invigilans studiis carpebat,

had every right to claim that he was fulfilling the purpose of the University in its highest form, but what we combated was the idea that if among the books

'expensive fulgida bindings'

which adorned our shelves there had been a volume of Charles Dickens, or if there lay on our table a number of *Punch*, or if one of us had been out for a day with the hounds, or confessed that he did not intend to go in for honours, he should be classed as an idler and a reprobate; and if he joined the Debating Society have it made plain to him that he was not to expect any distinction therein.

For the man who adopted this line of precisian impertinence was seldom a really good scholar or great as an orator. Some years later, at a social science congress, a young University tutor selected as the subject of his paper the idleness of undergraduates. He was rewarded by a most brilliant skit from a facile pen, the banterer, professing to be convinced of his errors, promising—

We'll quit the river for the room,
The bat for books well fingered,
Go in for Hallam and for Hume,
And loiter over Lingard.
And then, perhaps, some future day,
Boasting, of course, excluded,
We may be able—who can say?
To get a third—as you did!

And as in 1846 even Hallam and Hume were not official subjects of study, for the School of Law and History did not yet exist, the domain of Oxford orthodoxy in the reading line was narrower than when the sportive gibe just quoted was penned. The curriculum in favour with the plodding don was, as Sydney Smith once said, 'devoid of any particle of entertainment,' and the diligent son of Alma Mater fed on as dry provender as if he had robbed his prodigal brother of his diet of husks. In the life of Reginald Heber we are told that he laboured under the reproach at the University of having no taste for exact science or for critical knowledge, and when asked the date of any particular event he could seldom give it, yet he always knew who were alive at the time of its occurrence, by whose agency it was brought about, and what were the important consequences that resulted from it. Long after Heber's day the most brilliant orator and poet among Irish churchmen was pronounced not scholar enough, and too irregular in his conduct for his tutor's ideal, and was debarred, so far as the censorial power of his original college extended, from those distinctions of which his after-life has afforded such a harvest. The better day of common sense was only dawning in the forties. and the Union was to some extent under the same influence, which strove to perpetuate the tradition of Pegasus in harness.

There was, of course, a very considerable amount of interest excited among men of all sections of opinion when we heard that the grandson of the great orator Sheridan, a young 'tuft' just come up, intended to become a debater—except in the phrase 'tuft hunter,' scarce any remembrance exists of this University synonym for peer, derived from the velvet cap with gold tassel which, with a wide-sleeved silk gown, was the undress collegiate garb of a nobleman—and though the rather sad and thoughtful face of Lord Dufferin, a fateful visage, like Vandyke's King Charles, had little promise of the buoyant levity of the Hibernian, it was generally admitted that he could speak in a fashion which had the recommendation of being as unlike the conventional declaimer of the spouting club as possible. No one could have described him, as a Brasenose rhymster did that type of the empiric—

See issue forth in state
The mighty leader of the fierce debate.
With studied attitude he takes his stand,
Serenely silly, and grotesquely grand.
Now he begins, and like some French alarum
(I mean the thing which people use to scare'em

In early morn), when once he has begun Nothing on earth can stop him till he's done. With rapid gesture, and with speed immense, Heedless alike of grammar and of sense, He fires away; and boobies round him sit Who kindly laugh at all his borrowed wit.

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Lord Dufferin's maiden speech was delivered in May, 1846, on a motion that 'The late insurrection in Poland had no just claims upon the sympathy of Europe.' He spoke in opposition to this proposition, which, although it secured the support of Sclater of Baliol (now Lord Basing) and of two other men who became presidents of the Society, was rejected without a division. Either because he was dissatisfied with his reception, or for some other reason, he did not address the House again for several months, although very shortly afterwards there was an animated debate upon the state of Ireland. in which it was generally expected that he would join. motion, which attributed the cry for Repeal to our past neglect of the country, was carried by a majority of six votes, after an amendment ascribing it to 'factious spirit' had been lost by one vote only. Nor did he take any part in a subsequent debate upon the same subject, when a resolution attributing the distress in Ireland to the faults of its own people was rejected. But, as will be shortly seen, his practical sympathy with the calamities of that sad epoch was real and deep.

It was not, however, upon the Irish question that he made his reappearance in the debates in the spring of 1847. He selected on that occasion as his subject for discussion, that 'The system of modern theatricals is, and ever has been, detrimental to the morals of the age,' a proposition which, setting aside the singular contradiction in terms involved in its wording, might have been supposed to have had little chance of acceptance in an assembly like the Union, composed of cultured and pleasure-loving young men, but which in the sequel was assented to in rather a full House by a substantial majority of more than two to one, after an amendment to the effect that 'theatrical entertainments properly conducted were beneficial to morals,' had been rejected without a division.

Triumphant as thus appeared the advocacy of the proposition for the moment, it is exceedingly doubtful whether Lord Dufferin had cause in the sequel to congratulate himself on his success. Certainly when, immediately after he had left the University, he presided at a dinner to Mr. Macready, he made a speech in which, though with infinitely more ability, he adopted the precise line of

argument indicated in the amendment by which, in our crude fashion, his motion was attempted to be traversed. But in Oxford itself a reaction upon the lines of social progress, of which mention has already been made, began to make itself felt, and exercised an influence which it had, up to that time, failed to attain. The vounger members of the University generally regarded with extreme disfavour the passing of such a vote by the Union. They thought that the mover must have been captured by a section who were opposed to any widening of the basis of intellectual life. and while his standing and character procured him respect, he was regarded with suspicion by the set of men who were on the brink of success in the Society. They considered that the selection of theatricals as a point d'appui to attack the 'fast set,' who were supposed to be invading the Union, was prompted by the consideration that the condemnation of the stage was a tenet upon which both extremes of Church parties could meet, and, in truth, the 'serious' writers of that date were thoroughly at one on that subject alone, Gresley and Legh Richmond alike denying, as some divines of the present day would do, that a Christian could lawfully enjoy a farce. There was a tract (presented occasionally to undergraduates by serious friends) in which the inscription, 'The Way to the Pit,' supposed to be seen outside theatres, was made the text of a warning against the 'pit' of destruction!

That a revolt against these sentiments was in the air became patent when, shortly afterwards, Lord Dufferin was nominated for the presidency of the Union. He was not indeed opposed; but the committee which, in accordance with custom, he had the right to nominate was directly challenged, and two of his nominees—one being his close friend, Mr. Boyle (the late Lord Glasgow)—were replaced by two of the Opposition, of whom one had been the mover of the amendment to his anti-theatrical resolution. One who personally served under him may be allowed to bear testimony to the generous and high-minded way in which he acted on the occasion, extending to the intruders into his council the same courtesy and confidence which he gave to his own selected colleagues.

But another reason for this opposition arose from a proposal which, having secured the permission of the outgoing committee, he had launched upon the Union on the eve of his nomination to the chair. There existed at that time a fund, popularly estimated at five hundred pounds, arising from the accumulated subscrip-

tions of former years, to the credit of the Society, and this, in the vein of unsystematic philanthropy which characterised that generation of workers in the cause of charity, he proposed to give to the sufferers by the Irish famine, whose urgent and pitiable distress he had recently witnessed during an expedition to Skibbereen, which he had taken in company with his friend Mr. Boyle. In spite of remonstrances from many quarters, couched in various terms, he resolved to bring this proposal before a meeting of the Union, to be called specially to consider the subject. It is to be regretted that the printed records of the debates in the Union do not contain any details whatever of the proceedings in 'private business,' though the speeches on such occasions were frequently of greater vigour, and included often names of greater eminence. than upon the merely academic questions of the public nights; but if there is no official record of the transactions in print, the recollection of many of the survivors of those present is quite clear as to their main outlines. They would not easily forget the importance which attached to the meeting, the room being filled not only by the younger members of the University, but by older and graver faces not often to be seen there. One form is not likely to escape remembrance—of square and sturdy build, clad in the gown of a Master of Arts, who announced himself to the secretary when he rose to oppose as Thomson, fellow and tutor of Queen's, but who was shortly destined to attract the favourable notice of Lord Palmerston, and to become Primate of the Northern Province. James Fraser, also, subsequently Bishop of Manchester, then fellow of Oriel, was among the dissentients; but the most determined of all opponents was Tom Collins of Wadham, who had, it was whispered in the room, some legal document in his pocket ready to serve upon the treasurer in case the motion should be carried. Collins was considered at Oxford a queer fish, a compound of eccentricity and taciturnity, but, strangely enough, among all the men then in residence who attained in after years some distinction in parliamentary and public life-Ward Hunt, Sclater Booth, Staveley Hill, Dodson, &c .- he was the first to enter the doors of the House of Commons, having been elected on a vacancy for his native town, Knaresborough, in 1851. He was as odd and as cynically silent in the House as he had been at Oxford, but he obtained quite a reputation for close attendance and shrewd observation, so that he settled down ere long into a kind of unacknowledged junior whip.

If earnestness of purpose and sympathetic pleading could have

gained the day, there is no doubt that the president-elect would have succeeded; he spoke far better than he had ever done before, and even his opponents had to express a real regret that they were unable to yield to his touching appeal. It is characteristic of the modes in vogue in the Union, that Mr. Stanton, the president, in the chair, was appealed to to stop arguments 'addressed to the feelings of the House,' and that 87 members voted for the proposal is a proof that it was widely taken up; though I do not think any speaker of eminence, except Mr. Ward Hunt, appeared in its favour, while Mr. Thomson's amendment, viz. that Rule 70, prohibiting any part of the funds of the Society being given in aid of any public subscription, should be enforced, was supported by Mr. Chase, afterwards principal of St. Mary's Hall, and others, and carried by 151 votes.

It was so evident that to vote away a fund which practically did not belong to the present generation of members of the Society, but equally to those of the past and future, would be certainly inequitable and possibly illegal, that the mover had to fall back upon a suggestion hazarded by one of the speakers on the opposite side, that an association might be formed among the undergraduates to retrench their ordinary expenses, in order that the sums thus saved might be given to the famine fund.

This scheme, it must be acknowledged, was only partially successful, mainly, perhaps, for a reason alleged with such amusing frankness by a periodical at that time current in the University that the *ipsissima verba* are worth giving. 'The system of credit,' said the 'Oxonian,' is so widely extended and so complicated in its operation, that few men know what they spend on each particular luxury, and, therefore, cannot tell what they may be able to save. Moreover, if by a strict system of economy for

by every law, divine and human, to give it to their creditors and pay with it their just debts.' It is at least satisfactory to be able to add that, despite these prudent and dissuasive counsels, a substantial sum was added to the subscription for the relief of Irish distress.

one or two terms they might save any sum they would be bound

The more momentous consequence of this struggle, so far as Oxford itself is concerned, was, that it became the occasion of the disputed sum, and all other property of which the Union Society was possessed, being vested in four trustees under the usual conditions of such trusts, and of the immediate inception of a scheme for the erection of buildings which should be the absolute property

of the Society, and sufficient for all their requirements; so that the ample and artistically adorned premises now identified with the Union were in a very few years ready for occupation by its members.

There is no place like Oxford to teach the lesson that the race of life is not to the swift. Among those who were prominently engaged in the scenes just imperfectly described, how varied was the ratio of success in after life, and how completely falsified were the vaticinations of admirers or detractors! The most brilliant debater of his day, a man who measured swords not altogether unworthily with Lord Salisbury, died in the prime of life in a pauper hospital; the most rigid Tory and unflinching Protectionist of our debates spent a life in vain efforts to enter Parliament as a Radical, and finally attained the object of his ambition in such shattered health that he gave one vote in a crucial division and went home to die. The eloquent Bishop of Derry failed in his second candidature for the committee of the Union, while our popular orator, that best of epigrammatic debaters, Ralph Benson, never, although more than once a candidate, secured a seat in Parliament. But of all the strange instances of the irony of fate which our annals can furnish, nothing can exceed the fact, little realised by visitors to Oxford of to-day, that the splendid home of the Union Society is in truth the perennial monument of the disappointed aspirations of the one of our presidents whose name, since Mr. Gladstone's, is the most illustrious we can boast, for Lord Robert Cecil never occupied the chair of the Union.

Yet the after career of Lord Dufferin, author, diplomatist, statesman, administrator, has reversed the auguries of his attempts while at the University in almost every important respect, save the honour and the chivalry which he drew from a line of ancestors faithful to Mary Stuart, and persecuted by her bigoted greatgrandson. His memory ought to be green among members of the Union. If, like Eugène of Savoy and Benjamin Disraeli, his first lance was broken unsuccessfully, like them he has lived to compel

the admiration of a world.

W. K. R. BEDFORD.

At the Sign of the Ship.

SINGULAR is the controversy between Mr. Rider Haggard and the Catholic Truth Society on the walling up of frail nuns. In Montezuma's Daughter Mr. Haggard let the Spanish clergy wall up a nun who had a little boy. Then Mr. Britten, of the Catholic Truth Society, averred that Mr. Haggard did not tell the Catholic truth, nor any other variety of truth, and the Rev. Herbert Thurston assailed the novelist in The Month. Whence all this excitement? Some Catholics—not all—are kittle cattle. I once wrote some verses in Scribner's Magazine, wherein I said that I wished the wheel of Time would bring back the Ages of Faith. Then might it be my lot to live as a holy friar at St. Mary's, on St. Mary's loch, and supply the brethren with 'uneducated trout':

A monk where Meggat winds and laves The lone St. Mary's of the Waves.

Nothing could be less offensive. It was, indeed, highly complimentary. But a Catholic editor in America bade Catholics boycott Messrs. Scribner's harmless magazine, where such matter as mine, so injurious to the faith, was printed. Truly here is touchiness.

Mr. Haggard's incident is an old piece of the common stock of romance. Sir Walter bricks up a nun in *Marmion*—'erring sister, go in peace.' Byron bricks up a nun. The *Ingoldsby Legends*, I think, that favourite of Mr. Allan Quatermain, bricks up the nun who 'winked at the gardener's lad.' Mr. James Britten and Mr. Thurston should have lifted up their voices against Scott (whose *Marmion* has had a wide circulation), against Byron and Barham.

Mr. Haggard saw in the museum of Mexico the remains of a woman and a baby found immured in a religious building in the town. He has traced—evidence in hand—the bodies from the hole in the wall to the niche in the museum. So his critic suggests that his 'memory or imagination is playing him tricks.' This is neither a courteous nor a probable hypothesis. 'Facts are chiels that winna ding.' It would be wiser to argue that wicked men first put skeletons in the wall and then uncovered them, to vex the Church, as the Devil buried fossils to puzzle the faithful. The ingenious suggestion that the Mexican skeleton may have been that of a 'Virgin of the Sun' hardly applies to the case. Virgins of the Sun, as Mr. James Crawley would have said, were 'at the other shop,' in Peru, not in Mexico. Everyone, without exception, will be glad if it can be proved that frail nuns were never bricked up. In that case the legend is probably carried on from the days of the Roman Vestal Virgins. It would be confirmed if bodies were found walled up in old religious buildings. But these bodies may have been put in by masons when already dead, as a survival of the old superstition of walling up a victim in a new building, as St. Columba is said to have buried St. Oran alive under his new chapel. See Tylor (Primitive Culture, i. 104-107) for a collection of cases. We also learn, from Petrus Thyræus, that to bury bodies under the hearth was thought to secure houses from being haunted, perhaps on the homeopathic principle. Thus bodies would be found immured, and the floating legend of the immured Vestals would be fastened on the Catholic Church and invoked as an explanation. This, at all events, may be suggested. But our ancestors, whatever their creed, stuck at no form of religious cruelty, and would be very much surprised to find us making such a pother about trifles.

. . .

I have got into tribulation with some Scotch critics for saying that civil and religious liberty never had a deadlier foe than the Covenant. It is admitted that the Covenant persecuted, but then, it is urged, everybody persecuted. Precisely, everybody did persecute. But why are the Covenanters, who persecuted, the chosen children of Liberty and Freedom of Conscience, while the Anglican Church, the Church of Rome, the Episcopalian Church in Scotland, are all conspirators against Freedom of Conscience and Liberty? When in full swing, the Covenanters refused burial to the uncovenanted dead, and excommunicated

the living who were not of their way of thinking. Now excommunication carried the civil penalty of legalised boycotting. After the Revolution of 1688 the Episcopal ministers were turned out of their livings, just as the Covenanting ministers had been. The 'meeting-houses' of Episcopalians were broken up. Catholics were not even allowed to enjoy the services of their religion in private houses. In 1709 the Rev. James Greenshields read. greatly daring, the English Liturgy to a little assembly in a house in Edinburgh. He was not a nonjuror; he did not pray for King James, but for Queen Anne. The Presbytery, however, 'dealt with him,' and presently he was locked up in the Tolbooth. His congregation partly consisted of Englishmen, who did not understand how what was established religion on one side of Tweed was a criminal offence on the other. Had it not been for the Union, which permitted an appeal to the House of Lords, Greenshields might have lain in gaol till he died, or lost heart. The General Assembly wanted to hold a fast, on account of the 'crying sin' of Englishmen reading their prayer-book together in Scotland. After two years Greenshields was liberated. But by this time the Covenant was as dead as a door-nail, though a few fanatics occasionally renewed it. The spirited proceedings of the Kirk were stimulated only by the dregs of the old fanaticism. Sixty years earlier Greenshields would have been 'excommunicat, and presently execut,' by the ministers who were burning witches and sending out spies on the walk and conversation of private families. Of this kind of liberty and freedom of conscience the Covenant was the champion. In 1696 Catholic books were seized in a private house, and burned by the common hangman. In 1699 the Duke of Gordon 'made bold' to hear the service of his Church in his own house in Edinburgh. He was at once imprisoned in the Castle. If these things were done in the dry tree, and if Thomas Aikenhead, a boy of eighteen, was hanged in 1696, apparently because he had read and talked approvingly about Spinoza's Biblical criticisms, where on earth does Liberty come in, and what would the Covenant not have done had it been allowed to flourish? Thomas was not a nice boy; he babbled in the blasphemous manner of enlightened adolescence, but this was in private, and surely a Protestant has a right to exercise his 'private judgment' on the date of the Pentateuch. But there was to be no such right for Episcopalians, Independents, Agnostics, Catholics, Quakers, under the sway of the free and noble Presbyterians. The others were no better, when they had the chance to persecute, or not very much better. But they get all the blame, and the Auld Leaven gets all the praise. Now what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

* . *

The following poem is of a sadly reactionary character. But we must pity rather than condemn the foibles of old age and the frailties of 'a decent widdle wumman':—

THE DECENT WIDDIE WUMMAN.

I was born in auchteen twenty,
An' I wad fain acquent ye
How things appears
Wi' changing years
Tae decent folk like me.
An' the thing that maist impresses me,
It's the lassies' ways,
Which nooadays
Is dreadfu' for tae see.

Chorus.

For I'm a decent wumman,
A decent widdie wumman,
An' I think it's no becomin'
Their manners is that free.
Their conduck' wad amaze ye,
Ye'd think they're a' gone crazy,
For what they say an' what they dae
Is extraordinar' tae me!

Weel firstly I'm no carin'

For the kind o' things they're wearin',
Wi' their sailor's hats
An' men's cravats

An' shirts an collars tae;
I think 'twixt me and you, sirs,
They'll sune be wearin' troosers;
But the girl I met
Wi' the cigarette

Was the worst o' a' I say.

Chorus.

Ye'll see the limmers playin'
At gouf, instead o' stayin'
An' sittin'
Wi' their knitten'
Like ladies, i' the room.
But the way they ape the men is
Maist observable at tennis,
It's 'deuce' they ca'
At ilka ba'—
It fills ma soul wi' gloom.

Chorus.

Then a' they learn them's statics,
Or French, or mathematics;
For at college
Usefu' knowledge
Doesna' seem to be the rule.
They're leavin' cakes an' griddles
Tae get scrapin' on their fiddles—
We didna speak
That heathen Greek
When I was at the skule.

Chorus.

There's ithers wha's ambeeshuns
Wad mak' them politeeshuns,
An' they're seekin'
Tae get speakin',
Aye, an' votin', void o' shame.
They'll be rinnin' tae the meetin'
An' leave the bairns a' greetin',
An' ilka fule
Maun hae Hame Rule
That canna rule at hame!

Chorus.

Ma hairt it's fairly scunnert
Tae think o' nineteen hunnert,
They'll be choosin'
An' refusin'
Baith in merrige an' in law.

At elections a' the threep 'll
Be 'the lassies,' no 'the people,'
They'll ootnummer
An' encummer
Things, as losh! ye never saw.

Chorus.

But I'm a simple wumman,
A simple widdie wumman,
An' the gulf tae which they're comin'
'Tis mair nor I can say.
There'll be nae men ava,
They'll a' be hidden awa,
An' womankind
Be left behind
Tae gang their wilfu' way!

A. M. C. COWAN, W. A. RAMSAY.

* . *

The craft and mystery of retail bookselling is, it seems, far from flourishing. If this be so, we need not wonder, for the ease with which most people can abstain from buying even the books they want to read is truly wonderful. Few are of the spirit of Sir Patrick Hume, in Miss Warrender's pleasant book, The Humes of Marchmont.* Sir Patrick was a Whig, almost or quite a Republican. He had a sharp run for his neck, and reached Paris with only half-a-crown in his pocket. He passed a bookseller's shop, and his faithful retainer, the companion of his exile, addressed him in some such words as these :- 'O Sir Paitrick, ye're no gaun in there? It's a pitting yersel' into temptation; it's a positive tempting o' Providence. Ye hae but ae half-crown -do, sir, be canny wi' it.' But Sir Patrick had seen a book which he liked the look of; perhaps it was 'a roguish French novel;' perhaps it was a Livy, and bang went his last half-crown. Fortunately remittances arrived that very day, and I trust that this good man and his friend breakfasted royally. Macaulay, who hated Sir Patrick, speaks of a certain performance as 'the worst action of his bad life.' This purchase of the French book with the last three francs was the best action of his good life. Though he

^{*} Blackwoods, with Illustrations from Family Portraits.

was a Whig, we must all admire his truly gallant conduct on this occasion. The Society of Authors should have a statue of Sir Patrick in bronze, opposite their office. A painting in oils by Mr. Bogle (if he will condescend to draw the effigy of a Whig) is the least with which we can be contented.

. .

But book-buyers like Sir Patrick (St. Patrick I had almost called him) are rare. People grudge the price of a cab fare for books which they actually desire to read, books which are possessions for ever. No wonder that the bookseller complains. But I do think that a little more intelligence would do the trade no harm. Lately reading in a volume of privately-printed letters, I found the author writing from Oxford in 1875. He spoke of a volume of rhymes of my own, of which he wished to send a copy to his correspondent—an act of rare liberality, worthy of this gentleman, Mr. Malcolm Macmillan, who presented the beautiful, and I believe unique, archaic lecythus to the British Museum. 'But the book is out of print,' he says. Now the said rhymes, namely, Ballads and Lyrics of Old France, were printed in 1872. The press spoke with undeserved kindness of the volume. But, there being 500 copies printed, the book, published in 1872, was not 'out of print' till, I think, 1887, or thereabouts. How could it be sold, indeed, if booksellers, and that in a place like Oxford, said it could not be procured? This is a very common game of booksellers. Why they do it I cannot understand, but constantly they decline to get a would-be buyer the work he wants, alleging that it is 'out of print.' Of course an author loses by this stratagem, and a bookseller loses, and the publisher loses. Then the second-hand booksellers put a double or treble price on copies of the book, asking fifteen shillings for what can be purchased at three-and-nine. This, of course, is quite good business, but the motives of the other bookseller are inscrutable. I could understand him if he said, 'Oh, that is no longer read; everybody is reading Slum and Cellar,' or whatever it may be which he happens to have and wants to sell. But why declare that a book is 'out of print' when the publisher's shelves are moaning beneath stacks of it? By the expenditure of a halfpenny postcard the tradesman might get the book and oblige his customer. Lately I asked for a new book at a country shop. The bookseller sent to his London agent, who had never heard of it, could not find it, and so forth, though, in point of fact, it really was nearly *épuisé*. There seems to be a certain lack of intelligence and of interest in proceedings like these. Business cannot be done successfully without acquiring a little knowledge, and taking a little trouble. A bookseller's shop may be made a delightful place, where some people are drawn as by a magnet, or it may be made a mere hall of disappointment, with nothing on the shelves but illiterate rubbish, and nothing on the tradesman's lips but 'out of print,' or 'there is no such book.' Poets, of course, suffer more than the other authors, and the very few people who want modern rhymes are not allowed to get them.

A ROUMANIAN SONG.

In the green garden sitteth on a bed Of columbine, a young and rosy maid, Under the shade of roses white and red.

A young man lingers as he passes by; 'O fair, and over-fair for such as I; Art thou a maid, dear heart?' is all his cry.

'Or art thou some glad peasant's mated dove, Or a white goddess strayed from heavens above?'
'No goddess I; nor any peasant's love.

But a Carnation in this garden sown, A red Carnation in this garden grown: Youth, hast thou not some flower for thine own?

'Nay, none I have,' he said; 'the dew am I. I come at nightfall when the leaves are dry, And when I go, Carnation, thou shalt die!'

NORA HOPPER.

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...

I went to see Mr. Stuart Cumberland's performance lately, and one point, at least, was curious and interesting. Mr. Cumberland handed a bunch of keys to a gentleman on the platform, told him to hide them, and left the room. The gentleman whose business it was to hide the keys said to me, 'Shall I put them on the ledge of the music-gallery?' which was so high that, to reach it, you had to climb on a chair. I said, 'Put them under that hat on the chimney-piece,' which was done. Mr. Cumberland

now entered, blindfolded. He did not take the hand of the hider of the keys, but both placed their hands near each other, about six inches apart. Occasionally Mr. Cumberland touched the hand of the concealer of the keys, but I do not think that he grasped it. Mr. Cumberland then went straight below the gallery, climbed up to it, and grouped along the edge. This was unsuccessful; so he came back to the platform, made a fresh start, and discovered the keys in the lining of the hat on the chimney-piece. Of course, I do not know how Mr. Stuart Cumberland manages his accomplishment; probably various not abnormal indications lead him to the object of which he is in search. But I understand that, in these games, the seeker very often goes first to a place which the hider has thought of but discarded. Where hands are touched there is probably some unconscious muscular indication.

This going just to the place first thought of by the hider reminds one of a very curious story, that of the Assynt murder, in 1830. The story may be read in Fraser's Magazine for December 1856. But the narrator probably took the tale from oral tradition; at all events, he has made it much more marvellous than it really was, and the names are all wrong. There is a tract on the subject (1889), published by Mr. Noble, of Castle Street, Inverness, where you buy the Jacobite pamphlets. But the tract is partly made up from the contemporary report of the trial in the Inverness Courier, and that report was inaccurate and incomplete. As a study of Highland life, and of the homicidal psychology, the pamphlet is most interesting. But, as regards Kenneth Frazer, 'The Dreamer,' the report is nearly worthless.

* . *

Hugh Macleod was the son of a peasant in Assynt. Amiable and clever as a boy, as a young man he took to whisky and the lassies. He got deeply into debt for smart clothes, and was ready for crime. In March 1830 he murdered a pedlar, threw his body into a lochan, and hid the pack in a cairn of stones. He soon afterwards removed the pack, and hid some of the goods in another place, near the cairn. Suspicion was aroused, the dead body was found, and Hugh was imprisoned in September 1830. There he lay till September 1831, when he was tried and condemned. His sister, like Jeanie Deans, felt obliged to

speak truths which weighed heavily against him. The dreamevidence was that of Kenneth Frazer, called 'The Dreamer.' I quote his evidence as given in the report of the trial:-- Witness then gave his statement as follows:-"I was at home when I had the dream in the month of February. It was said to me in my sleep by a voice, like a man's voice, that the pack was lying in sight of the place. I got a sight of the place just as if I had been awake. I never saw the place before, but the voice said in Gaelic the pack of the merchant is lying in a cairn of stones in a hollow near to their house. The voice did not name Macleod's house. When the officer came [in April] I took him to the place I had got a sight of. was on the south-west side of Loch Tor-na-h-eigin. We found nothing there, and we then went to search on the south side of the burn. I had not seen this place in my dream, but it was not far from the place I had seen in my dream that the things were found. There were five silk handkerchiefs,"' Of course. 'the officer,' or policeman, should have been examined also on this discovery. But, if he was so examined, nothing is said about it in his evidence as printed. The report is very defective, and the whole affair is full of confusion as to dates. Macleod confessed before he was hanged, and exculpated the Dreamer from any share in or guilty knowledge of the murder. ingenious theory was invented to the effect that Macleod, when drunk, had confessed to the Dreamer, when the Dreamer was drunk, and that memory returned in the dream. This, of course, cannot be disproved. In the fourth century A.D., Iamblichus, speaking of 'veridical' dreams, describes them as exactly like that of Kenneth Frazer. 'We hear a voice.' However, my point is that the dream was wrong. It led Frazer, not to the place where the hidden objects lay, but to that in which they had originally been concealed, 'a cairn of stones.' But was it the same cairn? Even that we do not learn, and it is vain to appeal to tradition. The writer in Fraser's makes the Dreamer dream thrice of the scene and tragedy of the murder. There is no trace of any such matter in the report of the trial. Kenneth dreamed, in short, a false dream, but he was very nearly right, and the place he saw in his sleep was, apparently, that originally selected by the murderer for the concealment of the victim's property. If so, this was analogous to the bad shots made by Mr. Stuart Cumberland and others in the 'willing game.'

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878:1889.

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(64)

The late Mdlle. JENNY LIND.

'Clairville Cottage, Old Brompton,
'June 22nd, 1674.

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experience extends, the teatimony already so general in
favour of the Louenges prepared by you.

'I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
'Mr. Miles Doughty.'

'Mr. Miles Doughty.'

'JENNY LIND.

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The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the following sums. Contributions received after February 9 will be entered in the April number.

Mrs. F. Hunt and Miss Hyde (Night Refuge) 2s. 6d.; (Workroom) 5s. M.C. 5s. R. H. H. 15s. Charlie and David 4s. 'Azile' ('Donna') 10s.; (Workroom) 10s. J. F. Bradbury ('Donna' and Night Refuge) 3l. 3s. E. F. W. 2s. 6d. Miss Mills (Workroom) 5l. H. B., Chelsea, 10s. Mrs. T. B. Were 10s. Miss Jeston 2l. 2s. G. M. Lowcock 10s. Mr. and Mrs. Noble Taylor and household 2l. U. M. K. 5s. May 51. T. Norton Longman 21. F. G. B. 5s. and an overcoat. 'Gannetscombe' 10%. A Reader of Longman's 20s. Anon. 1s. 6d. A Grateful Reader 2l. 2s. Rev. J. Hickley 10s. Miss E. Edwards (Workroom) 10s. Hencerson, Craig & Co. 21. 2s. G. Fuller ('Donna') 1l. 1s.; (Night Refuge) 1l. 1s. D. L. 1l. Miss C. ('Donna') 1l.; (Workroom) 1l.; (Night Refuge) 3l. Mrs. Parr 1l. 1s. Miss Ellis 11. The Misses Longman 11. Miss Portia Smith 5s. Mr. N. E. 11. Jane R. Smith ('Donna') 5s.; Workroom 5s. Maria G. Leys 1l. Mrs. Shute 5s. Anon. (Bath) 5s. Mrs. Barwell (Workroom) 1l. T. A. B. Edinburgh 10s. E. M. P. 10s. Mr. Dent ('Donna') 5l. 5s.; (Night Refuge) 5l. 5s. The Aunts ('Donna') 10s.; (Night Refuge) 10s.; (Workroom) 10s. H. G. 2l. Mrs. F. Edis 2s. 6d. L. W. M. 3s. E. in mem. A. L. F. 2s. O. in mem. A. L. F. 1s. 6d. Mrs. Gibbins 10s. J. Matthews 5s. Mrs. Booker 5s. Mrs. Alfred Keep 10s. Helping Hand, Florence 5l. 5s. M. B. 2s. C. J. B. 1l. Mrs. Tronson 4s. Mrs. Tanner 2s. 6d. Carfax 5s. Mab. Ryde (Workroom) 2s. W. Hume 2s. 6d. Colonel King 5s. Miss Fanny Trench 1l. 10s. C. O. 1l. A. O. (Night Refuge) 1l.; (Workroom) 1l. Miss Warde 5s. A. T. D. 10s. Mrs. Clarke Lewis, mufflers. Mrs. G. C. Fowler, knitted jerseys. Miss Kidd, woollies. E. D. and H. A. D. 10 pairs of socks, 5 pairs of cuffs. Miss Mills, woollen goods. A Lady, comforters and muffetees.

Miss Trench acknowledges:—Doctor Eager ('Donna') 11. W. W. Ravenhill, Esq. ('Donna') 10s. 4 pairs socks from D. K. S. (Night Refuge).

The Sisters have received the following direct:—Mrs. Roades, 3 comforters. Mr. J. Ind Smith 5s. (Refuge); 5s. ('Donna'). Mrs John Corrie, socks. Anon. 2s. 6d. Miss Joyne, 11 pairs of cuffs. Miss France, per Miss Trench, 1l. (Workroom). Mrs. E. Newsom 1l. ('Donna'). J. Pell, scarf.

The Sisters have received, with thanks, the following woollies, per Miss Trench, the Secretary D.K.S.:—45 scarves, 7 pairs mitts, 37 pairs socks, 2 pairs stockings, 5 pairs cuffs (3 pairs with 3d. pieces attached). Miss A. Fletcher, per Miss Trench, Secretary D.K.S.:—31 scarves, 1 pair socks, 7 pairs cuffs, 2 petticoats.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE, 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

